

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1799, and is now in its 115th year. It is the only newspaper in the United States which has been published continuously for so long a period. It is a large, quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading material, including local and general news, editorial comment, and valuable information for the business and professional classes. It is published at the rate of \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies are sold at five cents. It is sent by mail to subscribers at the rate of \$2.00 a year in advance. It is also available for sale by the single copy at five cents. It is a valuable addition to any library or office.

## Local Matters.

The Mercury Atlas.

One of the most useful books published this year is the

Mercury Handy Atlas.

It is peculiarly useful at this time when the great war in Europe is going on. It shows all the countries now engaged in this great conflict, the size and location of all the principal towns and cities of the Old World, as well as the location and population of all the towns and cities in the United States. It contains new maps of each State and Territory in the United States and of every country in the world. It also has a large full sheet map of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. The size of this map is 20x34 inches, and is beautifully colored. This useful Atlas retails for one dollar, but is given by the MERCURY OFFICE absolutely free to every new subscriber to the MERCURY for one year, and to every old subscriber paying one year subscription in advance. Now is the time to get a valuable book for nothing.

### Diseased Cattle Killed.

The cattle disease which has been creating havoc in all parts of the country has reached this island, although it was at first thought that this locality would escape entirely. An examination of suspected herds revealed many cases of foot and mouth disease and a strict quarantine was immediately established. Two farms only were affected, both being in Portsmouth. This infection has been traced directly to a carload of cattle received from the fenced Brighton market. Some of the owners of large herds of cattle on the island feel somewhat uneasy, but it is believed that there will be no further infection. Friday morning Inspector Boyd called at the Police Station with a pass for cattle to be brought from Jamestown to Mr. Cummings' farm in Portsmouth.

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, the business transacted was largely of a routine nature. The city treasurer was authorized to issue bonds to the amount of \$48,000, this being a part of the \$72,000 authorized by the council. A report was received from the commission to appraise the value of the Ash estate on Bath road, condemned for the widening of that street. They reported \$5000, and the report was approved. New poles on Eastus avenue were authorized, although there was some opposition.

Newport feels much interest in the appointment of a new postmaster, following the resignation of Postmaster Harrington. It seems that the two strongest candidates are Representative John B. Sullivan and Chief Clerk Daniel F. Shea, with the odds in favor of the former. If Mr. Sullivan receives the appointment it would mean a vacancy in the Legislature, and a new election would be called for the next district. There are several other prominent Democrats, several of whom are "in fact," who would make no attempt to lodge the lightning if it should strike their way.

The low tariff is showing its bad effects on this country more plainly as the annual reports come in. For the year ending November 1, 1914, our exports increased \$402,424,000, and the imports increased \$114,926,000 showing a loss of trade to this country of \$287,500,000. Nearly all of this is attributed to the low tariff.

### Representative Council.

The session of the representative council on Monday evening was quiet and uneventful, although previous to the meeting it had been expected that there would be considerable oratory, especially over the report of the committee on re-organization of the fire department. However, this did not cause a ripple of excitement, and the council decided to send the matter to the people to be acted on at the December election. A petition had been prepared for presentation to the council, asking that the matter be sent to the people, this being a preliminary step toward the referendum provided for by the charter. However, by the time that the petition was reached in the regular course the council had already taken the action requested so that the petition was formally denied.

There was a good attendance at this meeting, some 160 members being present. Chairman Harvey presided and the meeting was short, lasting only about three-quarters of an hour. Considerable business was transacted in that time, however, most of it without remark. After the calling of the roll and the explanation of the call of the meeting, the report of the committee on revision of the fire department was received without reading, as it had already been printed.

On motion of John J. Peckham, the following resolution was passed without debate:

"Resolved, that the following proposition be placed on the ballots and submitted to the electors of this city qualified to vote upon any proposition to impose a tax for the expenditure of money, at the ward meetings to be held on December 1, 1914, viz:

"Shall the Board of Aldermen, acting under the direction of the Representative Council, be authorized to dispose of, at public auction, the following named fire stations: No. 1, Mill street; No. 2, Bridge street; No. 3, lower Thames street; No. 4, Prospect Hill street; No. 5, Hook and Ladder Station, Long wharf; and to make alterations, additions, improvements and repairs to the remaining fire stations; to purchase new motor driven apparatus, including a combination pumping machine, two combination style tank, chemical and hose, wagons, two new chassis to carry present equipment of ladders and equipment of hook and ladder trucks Nos. 1 and 2, one one-and-a-half-ton truck provided with tractor bar and equipped with a chemical tank, one deputy chief's car, and other necessary fire apparatus, all as designated in the report of the special committee on the re-organization of the fire department submitted to the Representative Council on November 18, 1914; and to expend therefor a sum of money not exceeding \$68,000, to be derived from the sale of disbanded fire stations, apparatus, and from the sale of bonds of the city of Newport not exceeding \$42,000, to be issued under the direction of the Representative Council, of such amounts, at such rate of interest, payable at such times and upon such terms as the Representative Council shall prescribe. The full proceeds of the sale of said bonds to be used for the purpose recommended by the re-organization committee on fire department, if needed, and, if not needed, to be used for the payment of the earlier maturing assessed bonds, and under the direction of the Representative Council the Board of Aldermen are authorized to carry out any or all of the recommendations of the said re-organization committee as contained in their submitted report."

This disposed of the most important business of the evening without debate. Some surprise was expressed at the smoothness of the proceedings as a stormy time had been anticipated by many.

A communication was received from the board of aldermen recommending a number of appropriations. The first, an appropriation of \$11.25 to satisfy the claim of Mrs. George S. Slocum for damages to a fence by a city team, was passed without comment; also an appropriation of \$504 to cover the salaries of additional men in the fire department on account of the extra days off. Several transfers were made from one appropriation to another.

The petition of the men of the police department, asking that they be allowed one day off in every eight, with pay, was read. The accompanying ordinance was then taken up. A motion to refer this to the next committee of 25 was lost, and then the ordinance was passed as presented. It was then voted that the Mayor, with the approval of the board of aldermen, be authorized to appoint three additional officers to fill the places of the men on their days off.

A resolution was passed authorizing the board of aldermen to issue coupon notes of not exceeding \$72,000 at 4 1/2 per cent. This was really an amendment of a former resolution, being required by law. In addition to the legal requirements the rate of interest was raised from 4 per cent. to 4 1/2 per cent., on account of the difficulty of marketing the bonds of lower interest. A resolution was passed creating a committee to look into the matter of city control of the highways, and to draft such laws or ordinances as may be necessary to secure complete control to the city.

A number of petitions for sidewalks and other improvements were referred

to the next committee of 25. The next business was the formal petition for the submission of the fire question to the people. Inasmuch as that had already been disposed of, this was unnecessary and was voted down. A resolution was passed making an appropriation of \$250 for the dredging of the berth of the mill scow. Two ordinances passed some months ago, which had been accidentally omitted from the revised ordinances as published in book form, were again passed. A resolution was passed appropriating \$500 for printing 5000 copies of the report of the committee on re-organization of the fire department and distributing the same to the taxpayers. A vote of thanks was then given to the committee, and the council adjourned.

### Died after Flight from Hospital.

There were two fatalities in Newport Thursday night, a patient escaping from the Hospital and being found dead in the road the next morning, and a soldier from the Fort being drowned in the harbor.

Emma N. Easton, colored, living at 70 Warner street, escaped from the Hospital about 11.30 Thursday evening, clad only in her night dress. She was delirious. The police were notified and every effort was made to find her, but it was not until daylight that any trace was discovered. A little before 7.00 o'clock word was received at the Station that the body of a man was lying on Water Works road. Patrolman Sweeney was dispatched to the scene on his motorcycle, and found that it was the body of the missing woman. The body was lying in the ditch near the corner of Hunter avenue, and was entirely devoid of clothing. The remains were removed to the Hospital.

About 10.45 Thursday evening cries for help were heard by a man on board large barge, lying at Sullivan's wharf. He rushed to the rail and saw a man drifting past within a few feet of him. He rushed to "Thames street" and summoned Officer Gregory who secured one of Champion's launches and started in search, but no further trace of the man in the water was found. At daylight a body was found in the water near Sullivan's wharf, clad in the uniform of a soldier, supposed to belong to the 120th Company of Coast Artillery. The body was removed to Fort Adams.

### City Committee Elected.

At the Republican ward caucuses on Saturday evening, the following ward committees were elected to comprise the city committee:

First Ward—Fletcher W. Lawton, Joseph B. Pike, William F. Tripp, Thomas E. Sherman, William E. Kerley.  
Second Ward—George W. Ritchie, Sydney D. Harvey, William H. Jackson, William MacLeod, John T. Delino, Jr.  
Third Ward—Herbert Bliss, George N. Buckhout, George H. Draper, Max Levy, Clark Burdick.  
Fourth Ward—John T. Allan, Alexander Fraser, Clark C. Brown, Frank C. Penner, Alexander MacLellan.  
Fifth Ward—James McLean, John Mahan, Andrew S. Melke, Francis G. Wilbar, James Brown.

The Democratic caucuses were held on Monday evening, when the following city committee were elected:

First Ward—James E. Kavanagh, Thomas C. Albro, Jr., Daniel J. Dwyer, John B. Barker, Joseph Murphy.  
Second Ward—Patrick J. Murphy, J. Frank Albro, Henry F. Rathcamp, Henry T. Probert, George H. Callahan.  
Third Ward—John F. Sullivan, John H. Greene, Jr., George D. Ramsay, Patrick J. Boyle, Frank J. Hughes.  
Fourth Ward—Michael J. Burns, Joseph A. Diggins, Stephen S. Carr, Daniel F. Shea, James E. Blake.  
Fifth Ward—Arthur J. Lenry, Mortimer A. Sullivan, James J. Sullivan, John W. Blake, Daniel F. Shea.

### Wedding Bells.

Ward—Carry.

Miss Fanny Elizabeth Carry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Carry, and Mr. George F. Ward were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's parents on Broadway on Wednesday evening, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Franklin G. McKeever, D. D., pastor of the Second Baptist Church. The bride, who wore an attractive gown of white crepe de chine, was attended by her sister, Mrs. William C. Mustard of Providence. The orange blossoms for the bride were sent from California by her sister, Mrs. Charles P. Stark, Jr. Mr. William C. Mustard was the best man.

A reception was held after the ceremony, and later in the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Ward left on their wedding trip to New York and Philadelphia. They will make their home in Newport.

Mr. Robert J. Johnston died at his home on Fountain street on Thursday after a short illness from pneumonia. He was a native of Scotland but had lived in Newport for many years. He was a carpenter by trade and a member of Weenat Shasit Tribe of Red Men.

Mr. John G. Costello, of the staff of the Newport Daily News, is under treatment at the Newport Hospital for an affection of the throat.

### Many Candidates for Office.

The city election will come one week from next Tuesday, December 1st, and it will evidently be an interesting one. Wednesday at midnight was the last hour for filing nomination papers at the city clerk's office, and by the time the office closed it was evident that there would be plenty of candidates, especially for the alderman and council. There is no place that will be uncontested, except for a council vacancy in the third ward, where Dr. C. F. Barker is the only nominee, and a vacancy in the second ward where Max Levy is the only nominee.

There are two nominees for Mayor, Patrick J. Boyle, the present incumbent, being opposed by Postmaster Robert S. Burlingame. A strenuous fight will be made by the friends of both candidates, and the fight will probably be a hot one, a close vote being expected. Because of going into this fight Mr. Burlingame has been compelled to resign his position as postmaster, some months before his term runs out.

There is also a lively fight on for the aldermanic offices, there being at least two candidates in each ward. In the first ward, Alderman Hanley has two opponents, Jonathan Asher, Jr., and James E. Kavanagh. In the second ward, Samuel S. Thompson has entered the fight against Alderman Joseph J. Kirby, the contest being limited to these two. In the third ward Alderman Frank J. Hughes has Henry J. Jones for an opponent. In the fourth ward there are four candidates, John E. Leddy, the present incumbent, and Richard J. Lawton, Frank S. Pembor, and Joseph H. Watts. In the fifth ward there is the greatest number of aspirants, the five candidates being Alderman Michael F. Kelly, former Alderman Benjamin M. Anthony, former Alderman James McLean, Dr. David E. Flynn, and James D. Brown.

For the representative council, there is also a large number of candidates, the first ward leading with 20, the fifth having 25, the third and fourth 21 each, and the second 21. Many of the retiring members have positively declined to have their names used again, and some others are running in wards different from those that they have been representing, on account of change of residence.

All these candidates will make efforts to get their friends to the polls, and in consequence it is expected that a large vote will be cast.

Another matter of importance that will probably have the effect of getting out the voters is the proposition that is to be submitted to the tax-paying voters. This is the matter of re-organization of the fire department, which the council voted to send to the people. Those opposed to the plan are making efforts to beat it, while the advocates of the proposition are trying to get the voters to support it. Altogether, it promises to be an election of hardly less interest than the State election a few weeks ago.

The full list of candidates is as follows:

FOR MAYOR.  
Patrick J. Boyle,  
Robert S. Burlingame.

FOR SCHOOL COMMITTEE.  
Dr. Rufus E. Darragh,  
Charles F. Gifford,  
William H. Harvey,  
Miss Anna F. Hunter,  
Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D.,  
Rev. Martin F. Reddy.

FOR ALDERMEN.  
First Ward.  
Jonathan Asher, Jr.,  
William A. Hanley,  
James E. Kavanagh.

Second Ward.  
Joseph J. Kirby,  
Samuel S. Thompson.

Third Ward.  
Frank J. Hughes,  
Henry J. Jones.

Fourth Ward.  
Richard J. Lawton,  
John E. Leddy,  
Frank S. Pembor,  
Joseph H. Watts.

Fifth Ward.  
Benjamin M. Anthony,  
James D. Brown,  
Dr. David E. Flynn,  
Michael F. Kelly,  
James McLean.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL.  
First Ward.  
For three years—John F. Adams,  
Fred S. Bacheller, Joseph O. Barker,  
William F. Barker, George M. Batten, Charles S. Brannan, William Brightman, Arthur W. Brown, Joseph Brown, William J. Carr, William J. Christmas, W. Foster Collins, Dennis C. Curran, Harry V. Easton, Thomas C. Freeborn, Bonaventura Gerbovillo, John A. Gillis, Thomas A. Hackett, John F. Hayes, Rowland S. Langley, Fred E. Lawton, Herbert C. Lawton, James H. McGuire, Jacob Mirman, Abraham Nelson, J. William F. Powers, Leon W. Shaw, Thomas E. Sherman, John V. Sullivan. Total, 20.

Second Ward.  
For one year (vacancy)—Max Levy.  
For two years (vacancy)—William H. Jackson, James M. Openshaw.  
For three years—Francis S. Barker, George W. Barlow, Edmund L. Boone,

Eugene I. Brown, Isobon S. Congdon, William J. Dillon, George W. Flucker, John W. Gibson, Nathan T. Hodson, William G. Kerr, Edward P. Lake, William G. Landers, William C. Lawton, George Melville, Harold A. Peckham, Charles B. Plummer, Edward O. Riggs, John H. Scannovin, William A. Stoddard, Benjamin T. White, Harry D. Wood. Total, 21.

Third Ward.  
For one year (vacancy)—Dr. Christopher F. Barker.  
For three years—George B. Austin, Isaac W. Barker, Edward T. Bosworth, 2nd, Hugh J. Campbell, William Champlin, Eugene Coggeshall, James Fowl, Cozzens, George H. Draper, Henry Harvey, Jr., Edward A. Hassard, Dr. Douglas A. Jacoby, Geoffrey King, Alfred Koschny, Gustave A. Muenchinger, Dr. H. H. Powell, John H. Purcell, Dr. George D. Ramsay, Dr. Edwin P. Robinson, C. Harriet Rogers, George W. Sherman, William A. Sherman, Augustus Springett, Dr. Abraham F. Squire, Theodore Vietri. Total, 24.

Fourth Ward.  
For two years (vacancy)—Harry A. Currie, Michael Harrington, Jr.  
For three years—Roland E. Arter, Charles O. Berghman, Patrick J. Burns, Bruce Buttrick, William F. Carnoy, Abraham J. Carter, John P. Casey, Alfred R. Commotto, Michele Decolis, John B. Dwyer, James J. Dugan, Francis J. Harrington, Samuel A. Hilton, John J. Keenan, George Gordon King, Anthony M. Marolda, Michael F. Murray, John E. Nagle, Robert L. Nolan, Daniel F. Shea, Mortimer D. Sullivan, Edward J. Toomey, Frederick G. S. Trager, Thomas J. Williams. Total, 24.

Fifth Ward.  
For three years—Elmer M. Bensley, George E. Bowman, James Collins, Edward P. Dunn, James J. Hickey, Quinton Kane, Patrick J. Keenan, James T. Killian, Thomas Maguire, Charles H. Kelly, Edward A. Martin, John B. Martin, John H. McCarthy, Patrick J. Morgan, James E. Morris, John E. Murray, Dennis P. O'Brien, Alexander R. O'Halloran, Ernest O'Halloran, James J. Stevens, John F. Sullivan, Mortimer A. Sullivan, John P. Sweeney, Otto P. Volgt, John F. Woods. Total, 25.

MIDDLETOWN.  
[From our regular Correspondent.]

COURT OF PROBATE.—The regular monthly meeting of the Court of Probate was held at the Town Hall on Monday afternoon, four of the members being present and including Messrs. Lewis R. Manchester, Joseph E. Kline, David A. Brown and James R. Chase, 2d.

On the petition of John C. Burke, Administrator with the will annexed, on the estate of Alice P. Mayor, Hugh B. Baker, of Newport, was appointed a Commissioner to examine and determine the validity of certain claims presented against this estate and three months were allowed to creditors to prove their claims.

J. Alton Jinkins, Conservator of the estate of Thomas Coggeshall, presented his petition asking for the advice and instruction of the Court, relative to the collection of back rents from tenants of farms belonging to his ward. This petition was continued for further hearing.

Abiel F. Davis, as Administrator do bonis non, with the will annexed on the estate of Isaac Barker, and as Guardian of the estate of Laura A. Barker, presented his fourth account with each of these estates, which were referred to the third Monday of December and notice ordered on each.

In Town Council, the petition of Henry S. Keaton for permission to excavate a ditch on the north side of the Boulevard and lay pipes in order to convey water from the main of the Newport Water Works to his lot of land on the East; was granted. The work to be done under the direction of Councilman David A. Brown.

The following accounts for highway expenditures were allowed and ordered paid.

Peckham Brothers Company, for 26 barrels of Road Oil and six barrels of liquid asphalt and freight, \$127.70, for crushed stone furnished Road District Number 2, \$143.40, use of steam roller 43 days, \$97.50, for crushed stone furnished Road District No. 3, \$18.77; William J. Sison, for expense of constructing a new road bed near the bridge in Forest avenue, including labor and foundation stone, \$610.83; Walter S. Barker, for carting oil, \$14.00, for covering with crushed stone 150 feet of Green End avenue, on Honeyman Hill, and 475 feet of Wynt Road, \$20.66, for repairs on other highways, \$71.17; Julian F. Peckham, for repairs on the highways of Road District No. 3, \$89.47. Total on highways, \$1245.60.

Other accounts allowed and ordered paid, including the following: Arthur A. Brigham, services as Janitor of Town Hall, \$8.50; Jeannette Goffe, clerical work in office of Town Clerk, \$10; T. T. Pitman Corporation, advertising election warrant, \$30; Thomas G. Ward, services as Town Sergeant, \$20.50, bounty due for killing seven skunks, \$3.50; Newport Hospital, board and treatment of two Portuguese children, \$15, antitoxine, \$9.10; Herald Publishing Company, advertising canvass notice, \$10.00; Simon Hart, 600 elasp envelopes, \$6; Register for Peddlers' licenses, \$3; J. D. Johnston, wood for sign boards, \$5.21; Bay State Street Railway Company, electric light at Town Hall, \$4.80; Fred P. Webber, services as member of Public School Committee for two years, \$3; Providence Telephone Company, for use of three telephones, \$6.63; George Peabody, Louis T. Underwood, Fillmore Coggeshall, Jr., and Richard H. Wheeler, for services as Supervisors of the general election held November 3, \$5 each, \$20; accounts for the relief of the Poor, \$23. Total for all purposes, \$2469.24.

The Sunday School and choir gave their annual Harvest Concert last Sunday before a large congregation at the Four Corners M. E. Church. The program was conducted by the superintendent, Mr. Roland Fry, and comprised readings, recitations, exercise, solo and chorus work by the children, and by the church choir. Of especial mention was an exercise by three four-year old girls, Natalie Nickerson, Caro-

lyn Webber, and Bessie Snyder which was very well done. The chancel was decorated with vegetables and fruit among sprays of red berries. These with other gifts will make up some three barrels for the Deacons Home, Providence, among which donation will be a barrel of clothing.

The illustrated lecture scheduled for the evening was given in spite of the storm, as the slides were engaged elsewhere the following week. The lecture read by Mrs. H. Wallace Peckham, was entitled, "Nature's Message." Sixty-five slides were shown, the lantern being operated by Messrs. William J. Peckham and Walter S. Barker. On Sunday afternoon next, Rev. Wentworth Hewitt of Vermont, a noted preacher, writer, and lecturer, will deliver the sermon. In the evening Mr. Fred P. Webber will give the second in the winter series of lectures entitled, "Culture's Failure."

The weekly Sunday evening illustrated lecture at the Berkeley Parish House was omitted last Sunday on account of the storm, but will be given next Sunday, weather permitting. This will be the first in the series of "The Journeys of Jesus."

The November meeting of the Public School Committee was held Monday evening at the town hall with all the members present. As several schools are overcrowded plans were considered for transferring some of the children to the Oliphant, where there are many vacant seats.

The monthly meeting of Newport County Pomona Grange was held as an all day session at Fair Hall on Tuesday. Worthy Master, Mrs. Helen A. Wilcox of Tiverton presided. The local Granges of the County were all represented except Little Compton. Newport County Deputy, Amos T. Maker of Warron was present, and was invited to instruct the two candidates who were obligated in the 8th or Pomona degree. One member was received from Conant Grange (Jamestown), and one from Nonquit, Tiverton, Worthy Master Lester W. Corey. Nearly all the local Granges reported classes of candidates who have already received a part of the degree work. Letters from Kingston College urged the interest and cooperation of this Grange in the coming corn show in Providence. Trophies previously won by Portsmouth Grange at the Corn Shows, made a striking decoration along the wall.

Mr. Walter Sowle of Portsmouth Grange has been appointed to represent this Pomona Grange at the coming Show. Mr. and Mrs. Sowle were also appointed alternates to attend the State Grange Annual in Providence next month. There was a basket lunch following the noon adjournment, Mr. and Mrs. Warron H. Sherman of Portsmouth Grange serving hot coffee. The early afternoon was devoted to a continuance of business. The secretary was instructed to confer with the local Granges to ascertain their pleasure concerning the place of meeting for the coming year as the December session will be the annual meeting. The bronze trophy shield, which has been on exhibition during the year at the different locals, will be awarded at the next meeting. The membership contest stands as follows, Jamestown 14, Middletown 11, Stone Bridge 7, Portsmouth 6, Little Compton 6, Tiverton 2.

The Lecturers' Hour included a five minute entertainment by each officer, and comprised readings, recitations, music, and the playlet given last week before Aquidneck Grange, "The Midnight Awakening of the Photophore 1760-1914." This was presented by the Misses Sarah A. E. Peckham and Marie Vanicek, officers of Aquidneck Grange, with Mrs. B. W. H. Peckham Jr. at the piano. The sketch has proved so pleasing that it is to be given a third time at the Berkeley Parish House in December. Mrs. Walter Sowle acted as pianist for the day. The members of Pomona will be guests of Portsmouth Grange at Fair Hall on December 15, the sessions opening at 3 with supper at 6, and at 7.

The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. Church held a well attended supper at the church on Wednesday evening. Following this Miss Mary Leavitt of Newport gave a most interesting talk on her European trip of the past summer. The ladies quartette rendered several selections.

Several cases of the mumps are reported in the Wynt district. Mr. Elissa Clarke Peckham, Middletown's oldest citizen, will celebrate on Monday, November 23d, his 91st birthday. He seems in good health and spirits, and cast his vote, as usual, at the recent election.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Peckham are preparing to start for their winter home at Eufla, Florida, early next week. They have already shipped a portion of their goods.

As the regular date for the meeting of Aquidneck Grange falls upon Thanksgiving, a change was made at the last meeting to Monday, November 23d. The Ladies' Degree Team of Little Compton Grange will be present to conduct the working of the 3d degree upon a class of six candidates. The regular officers will confer the 4th degree. There will be a collation.

The Paradise Club entertained Miss Jenny Koehler of Kingston College on Wednesday at the home of one of its members, Mrs. C. Edward Farnum, near the One Mile Corner. Guests were present from the Oliphant Club. The Clubs plan to form a study class on Home Economics.

Mr. Wm. Clarence Peckham returned on Friday last from a week's business trip in Georgia.

A meeting of the Burlingame supporters was called for Friday evening, when the first steps would be taken to launch the campaign for Mayor. It is expected that there will be some speaking before election day.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jenckes and Miss Katharine Jenckes have closed their residence on Washington street and gone to Miami, Florida, for the winter.

# THE LAST SHOT

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by FREDERICK PALMER



## CHAPTER XIV.

### Tea on the Veranda Again.

It was more irritating than ever for Mrs. Galland to keep pace with her daughter's inconsistencies. Here was Marta saying coolly:

"Unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's! We have our property, our home to protect. Perhaps the Grays have come to stay for good, so graciousness is our only weapon. We cannot fight a whole army single-handed."

"You have fought that out, Marta!" said Mrs. Galland.

"We have four rooms in the baron's tower and a kitchen stove," Marta proceeded. "With Minna we can make ourselves very comfortable and leave the house to the staff."

"The Gallands in their gardeners' quarters! The staff of the Grays in ours! Your father will turn in his grave!" Mrs. Galland exclaimed.

"But, mother, it is not quite agreeable to think of three women living in the same house with a score of strange men!" Marta persisted.

"I had not thought of that, Marta. Of course, it would be inadmissible!" agreed Mrs. Galland, promptly capitulating where a point of propriety was involved.

When Marta informed the officer—the same one who had rung the door-bell on his second visit—of the family's decision he appeared shocked at the idea of eviction that was implied. But, secretly pleased at the turn of events, he hastened to apologize for war's brutal necessities, and Marta's complaints led him to consider himself something of a diplomatist. Yes, more than ever he was convinced of the wisdom of an invader ringing door-bells.

Meanwhile, the service-corps men had continued their work until now there was no vestige of war in the grounds that labor could obliterate; and masons had come to repair the walls of the house itself and plasterers to renew the broken ceilings.

All this Marta regarded in a kind of dazed wonder that an invader could be so considerate. Her manner with the officers in charge of preparations had the simplicity and ease which a woman of twenty-seven, who is not old-maidish because she is not afraid of a single future, may employ as a serene hostess. She frequently asked if there were good news.

"Yes," was the uniform reply. An unexpected setback here or resistance there, but progress, nevertheless. But she learned, too, that the first two days' fighting along the frontier had cost the Grays fifty thousand casualties.

"In order to make an omelet you must break eggs!" she remarked.

"Spoken like a true soldier—like a member of the staff!" was the reply.

In her constraint and detachment they realized her conscious appreciation of the fact that in earlier times her people had been for the Browns; but in her flashes of interest in the progress of the war, flashes from a woman's unimpaired mind, they judged that her heart was with the Grays. And why not? Was it not natural that a woman with more than her share of intellectual perception should be on the right side? From her associations it was not to be expected that she would make an outright declaration of apostasy. This would destroy the value and the attractiveness of her conversation. Reverence for the past, for a father who had fought for the Browns, against her own convictions, made her attitude appear singularly and delicately correct.

The war was a week old—a week which had developed other tangents and traps than La Tite—on the morning that the first installment of junior officers came to occupy the tables and desks. Where the family portraits had hung in the dining-room were now big maps dotted with brown and gray flags. Portable field cabinets with sectional maps on a large scale were arranged around the walls of the drawing-room. In what had been the long-lag room of the old days of Galland prosperity, the refrain of half a dozen telegraph instruments made melody with the clicking of typewriters. Cooks and helpers were busy in the kitchen; for the staff were to live like gentlemen; they were to have their morning baths, their comfortable beds, and regular meals. No twinges of indigestion or of rheumatism from exposure was to interfere with the working of their precious intellectual processes. No detail of assistance would be lacking to save any bureaucratic head time and labor. The bedrooms were apportioned according to rank—that of the master awaited the master; the best servant's bedroom awaited Francois, his valet.

When Bouchard, the chief of intelligence, who fought the battle of wits and spies against Lanstron, came, two hours before Westerling was due, the last of the staff except Westerling and his personal aide had arrived. Bouchard, with his iron-gray hair, bushy eyebrows, strong, aquiline nose, and hawk-like eyes, his mouth hidden by a thick mustache, was lean and satirical, and he was loyal. No jealous thought entered his mind at having to serve a man younger than himself. He did not serve a personality; he served a chief of staff and a profession. The score of words which escaped him as he looked over the arrangements were all of directing criticism.

"I tell nothing, but you tell me everything!" said Bouchard's hawk eyes. He was old-fashioned; he looked his part, which was one of the many points of difference between him and Lanstron as a chief of intelligence.

It lacked one minute to four when Rodworth Westerling, chief of staff in name as well as power now, alighted from the gray automobile that turned in at the Galland drive. His Excellency had not occupied his new headquarters as soon as he expected, but this could have no influence on results. If he had lost fifty thousand men on the first two days and two hundred thousand since the war had begun, should he allow this to disturb his well-being of body or mind? His well-being of body and mind meant the ultimate evisceration of lives.

Confidence was reflected in Westerling's bearing and in his smile of command as he passed through the staff rooms. Turcas and Bouchard in his train, with tacit approval of the arrangements. Finally, Turcas, now vice-chief of staff, and the other chiefs awaited his pleasure in the library, which was to be his sanctum. On the massive seventeenth-century desk lay

even cleaving of her lips over two words. They seemed to say that a storm had come and gone and a new set of masters had taken the place of the old. As they approached the veranda Francois was placing the tea-things.

"Just like the old days, isn't it?" he exclaimed with his first sip, convinced that the officers' commissary supplied excellent tea in the field.

"Yes, for the moment—it we forget the war!" she replied, and looked away, preoccupied, toward the landscape.

If we forget the war! She bore on the words rather grimly. The change that he had noted between the Marta of the hotel reception-room and the Marta of the moment was not altogether the work of ten years. It had developed since she was in the capital. In these three weeks war had been brought to her door. She had been under heavy fire. Yet this subject of the war was the one which he, as an invader, considered himself bound to avoid.

"We do forget it at tea, don't we?" he asked.

"At least we need not speak of it!" she replied.

"I am staying tonight. I was going to ask if you wouldn't remain on the veranda while I go over these papers. It—it would be very cozy and pleasant."

"Why, yes," she agreed with evident pleasure.

Turcas came, in answer to Westerling's ring. The orders and suggestions on the table seemed to be the product of this bath of a man, the vice-chief, but a bath of steel, not wood, who appeared a runner trained for a race of intellects in the scratch class. One by one, almost perfunctorily, Westerling gave his assent as he passed the papers to Turcas; while Turcas's dry voice, coming from between a narrow opening of the thin lips, gave his reasons with a rapid-fire's precision in answer to his chief's inquiries.

With each order somewhere along that frontier some unit of a great organism would respond. The reserves from this position would be transferred to that; such a position would be felt out before dark by a reconnaissance in force, however costly; the rapid-firers of the 18th Division would be transferred to the 26th; despite the 37th Brigade's losses, it would still form the advance; General Spand-Sp would be superseded after his failure of yesterday; Colonel So-and-So would take his place as acting major-general; more care must be exercised in recommendations for bronze crosses, lest their value so depreciate that officers and men would lack incentive to win them.

Marta was having a look behind the scenes at the fountainhead of great events. Power! Power! The absolute power of the soldier in the saddle, with premier and government and all the institutions of peace only a dim background for the processes of war! Opposite her was a man who could make and unmake not only generals but even the destinies of peoples. By every sign he enjoyed his power for its own sake. There must be a chief of the five millions, which were as a moving forest of destruction, and here was the chief, his strength reflected in the strong muscles of his short neck as he turned his head to listen to Turcas. Marta recalled the contrast between Westerling and Lanstron as they faced each other after the wreck of the aeroplane ten years ago; the iron invincibility of the elder's sturdy, mature figure and the alert, high-strung invincibility of the younger man.

He had taken up a paper thoughtfully after Turcas withdrew, when he looked up to Marta in answer to a movement in her chair. She had bent forward in a pose that freed her figure from the chair-back in an outline of suppleness and firmness; her lips were parted, showing a faint line of the white of her teeth, and he caught her gazing at him in a kind of wondering admiration. But she dropped her eyelids instantly and said deliberately, less to him than to herself:

"You have the gift!"

No tea-table flattery that, he knew; only the reflection of a fact whose existence had been borne in on her by observation.

"The gift? How?" he inquired, speaking to the fringe of hair that half hid her lowered face.

She looked up, smiling brightly. "You don't know what gift! Not the planist's! Not the poet's! Why, of course, the supreme gift of command! The thing that made you chief of staff! And the war goes well for you, doesn't it?"

Delicious morsel, this, to a connoisseur in compliments! He tasted it with the same self-satisfied smile that he had his first prophecy. To her who had then voiced a secret he had shared with no one, as his chest swelled with the full breath, he bared another in the delight of the impression he had made on her.

"Yes, as you foresaw—as I planned!" he said. "Yes, I planned all, step by step, till I was chief of staff and ready. I convinced the premier that it was time to strike and I chose the hour to strike; for Bodilapoo was only a convenient excuse for the last of all the steps."

The subjective enjoyment of the declaration kept him from any keen notice of the effect of his words. Lanny was right. It had been a war of deliberate conquest; a war to gratify personal ambition. All her life



Just Like Old Days, Isn't It?

a number of reports and suggestions. Westerling ran through them with accustomed swiftness of sitting and then turned to his personal aide.

"Tell Francois that I will have tea on the veranda."

From the fact that he took with him the papers that he had laid aside, subordinate generals, with the gift of unspoken directions, which is a part of their profession, understood that he meant to go over the subjects requiring special attention while he had tea.

"Everything is going well—well!" he added.

"Well!" ran the unspoken communication of confidence through the staff. So well that His Excellency was calmly taking tea on the veranda! for the indefatigable Turcas the detail; for Westerling the front of Jove.

He had told Marta only two weeks ago that he should see her again if war came; and war had come. With the inviting prospect of a few holiday moments in which to continue the interview that had been abruptly concluded in a hotel reception-room, he started down the terrace steps. Above the second terrace he saw a crown of woman's hair—hair of jet abundance, shading a face that brought familiar completeness to the scene. Their glances met where the path ended at the second terrace flight; hers shot with a beam of restrained and questioning good humor that spoke at least a trace to the invader.

"You called sooner than I expected," she said in a note of equivocal pleasure.

"Or I," he rejoined with a shade of triumph, the politest of triumph. He was a step above her, her head on a level with the pocket of his blouse. His square shoulders, commanding height, and military exactness were thus emphasized, as was her own femininity's slightness.

"I want to thank you," she said. "As becomes a soldier, your forethought was expressed in action. It was the promptness of the men you sent to look after the garden which saved the uprooted plants before they were past recovery."

"I wished it for your sake and somewhat for my own sake to be the same that it was in the days when I used to call," he said graciously. "Tea was from four to five, do you remember? Will you join me! I have just ordered it."

A generous, pleasant conqueror, this! No one knew better than Westerling how to be one when he chose. He was something of an actor. Leaders of men of his type usually are.

"Why, yes. Very rightly!" she assented with no undue cordiality and no undue constraint, quite as if there were no war.

Neutrality could not be better impersonated, he thought, than in the

even cleaving of her lips over two words. They seemed to say that a storm had come and gone and a new set of masters had taken the place of the old. As they approached the veranda Francois was placing the tea-things.

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Marta would be able to live over again the feelings of this moment. It was as if she were frozen, all except brain and nerve, which were on fire, while the rigidity of ice kept her from springing from her chair in contempt and horror. But a purpose came on the wings of diabolical temptation which would pit the art of woman against the power of a man who set millions against millions in slaughter to gratify personal ambition. She was thankful that she was looking down as she spoke, for she could not bring herself to another compliment. Her throat was too chilled for that yet.

"The one way to end the feud between the two nations was a war that would mean permanent peace," he explained, feeling how quiet she was and realising, with a recollection of her children's oath, that he had gone a little too far. He wanted to retain her admiration. It had become as precious to him as a new delicacy to Lucullus.

"Yes, I understand," she managed to murmur; then she was able to look up. "It's all so immense!" she added.

"Your ideas about war seem to be a great deal changed," he hinted casually.

"As I expressed them at the hotel, you mean!" she exclaimed. "That seems ages ago—ages!" The perplexity and indecision that, in a space of silence, brooded in the depths of her eyes came to the surface in wavering lights. "Yes, ages ago!" The wavering lights grew dim with a kind of horror and she looked away fixedly at a given point.

He was conscious of a thrill; the thrill that always presaged victory for him. He realized her eridest distress; he guessed that terrible pictures were moving before her vision.

"You see, I have been very much stirred up," she said half apologetically. "There are some questions I want to ask—quite practical, selfish questions. You might call them questions of property and mercy. The longer the war lasts the greater will be the loss of life and the misery."

"Yes, for both sides; and the heavier the expense and the taxes."

"If you win, then we shall be under your flag and pay taxes to you!"

"Yes, naturally."

"The Browns do not increase in population; the Grays do rapidly. They are a great, powerful, civilized race. They stand for civilization!"

"Yes, facts and the world's opinion agree," he replied. Puzzled he might well be by this peculiar catechism. He could only continue to reply until he should see where she was leading.

"And your victory will mean a new frontier, a new order of international relations and a long peace, you think? Peace—a long peace?"

Was there ever a soldier who did not fight for peace? Was there ever a call for more army-corps or guns that was not made in the name of peace? He had his ready argument, spoken with the forcible conviction of an expert.

"This war was made for peace—the only kind of peace that there can be," he said. "My ambition, if any glory comes to me out of this war, is to have later generations say: 'He brought peace!'"

Though the premier, could he have heard this, might have smiled, even grinned, he would have understood Westerling's unconsciousness of incongruity. The chief of staff had set himself a task in victory which had no military connection. Without knowing why, he wanted to win ascendancy over her mind.

"The man of action!" exclaimed Marta, her eyes opening very wide, as they would to let in the light when she heard something new that pleased her or gave food for thought. "The man of action, who thinks of an ideal as a thing not of words but as the end of action!"

"Exactly!" said Westerling, sensible of another of her gifts. She could get the essence of a thing in a few words. "When we have won and set another frontier, the power of our nation will be such in the world that the Browns can never afford to attack us," he went on. "Indeed, no two of the big nations of Europe can afford to make war without our consent. We shall be the arbiters of international dissensions. We shall command peace—yes, the peace of force, of fact! It could be won in any other way! I should not be here on this veranda in command of an army of invasion. That was my idea—for that I planned."

He was making up for having overshoot himself in his confession that he had brought on the war as a final step for his ambition.

"You mean that you can gain peace by propaganda and education only when human nature has so changed that we can have law and order and houses are safe from burglary and pedestrians from pickpockets without policemen? Is that it?" she asked.

"Yes, yes! You have it! You have found the wheat in the chaff."

"Perhaps because I have been seeing something of human nature—the human nature of both the Browns and the Grays at war. I have seen the Browns throwing hand-grenades, and the Grays in wanton disorder in our dining-room directly they were out of touch with their officers!" she said sadly, as one who hates to accept disillusionment but must in the face of logic.

Westerling made no reply except to nod, for a movement on her part preoccupied him. She leaned forward, as she had when she had told him he would become chief of staff, her hands clasped over her knee, her eyes burning with a question. It was the attitude of the prophecy. But with the prophecy she had been a little myopic; the fire in her eyes had precipitated an idea. Now it forged another question.

"And you think that you will win?" she asked. "You think that you will win?" she repeated with the slow emphasis which demands a careful answer.

The deliberateness of his reply was

in keeping with her mood. He was delighted; he was a referee.

"Yes, I know that we shall. Numbers make it so, though there be no choice of skill between the two sides."

His tone had the confidence of the flow of a mighty river in its destination as its way to the sea. There was nothing in it of prayer, of hope, of desperation, as there had been in Lanstron's "We shall win!" spoken to her in the arbor at their last interview. She drew forward slightly in her chair. Her eyes seemed much larger and nearer to him. They were sweeping him up and down as if she were seeing the slim figure of Lanstron in contrast to Westerling's sturdiness; as if she were measuring the might of the five billions behind him and the three millions behind Lanstron. She let go a half-whispered "Yes!" which seemed to reflect the conclusion gained from the power of his presence.

"Then my mother's and my own interests are with you—the interests of peace are with you!" she declared.

She did not appear to see the sudden, uncontrolled gleam of victory in his eyes. By this time it had become a habit for Westerling to wait silently for her to come out of her abstractions. To disturb one might make it unproductive.

"Then if I want to help the cause of peace I should help the Grays!"

The exclamation was more to herself than to him. He was silent. This girl in a veranda chair dealing to him and his five million bayonets and four thousand guns! Quixote and the windmill—but it was amazing! It was final. The golden glow of the sunset was running in his veins in a pean of personal triumph. The profile turned ever so little. Now it was looking at the point where Delorme had lain dying. Westerling noted the smile playing on the lips. It had the quality of a smile over a task completed—Delorme's smile. She started; she was trembling all over in the realization of some impulse—some impulse that gradually gained headway and at last broke its bonds.

"For I can help—I can help!" she cried out, turning to him in wild indecision which seemed to plead for guidance. "It's so terrible—yet it would hasten peace—I know much of the Browns' plan of defense! I know where they are strong in the first line and—and one place where they are weak there—and a place where they are weak in the main line!"

"You do!" Westerling exploded. The plans of the enemy! The plans that neither Bouchard's saturnine cunning, nor bribes, nor spies could ascertain! It was like the bugle-call to the hunter. But he controlled himself. "Yes, yes!" He was thoughtful and guarded.

"Do you think it is right to tell?"

Marta gasped half inarticulately.

"Right? Yes, to hasten the inevitable—to save lives!" declared Westerling with deliberate assurance.

"I—I want to see an end of the killing! I—" She sprang to her feet as if about to break away tumultuously, but paused, swaying unsteadily, and passed her hand across her eyes.

"We intend a general attack on the first line of defense tonight!" he exclaimed, his supreme thought leaping into words.

"And you would want the information about the first line to-night if it is to be of service?"

"Yes, to-night!"

Marta brought her hands together in a tight clasp. Her gaze fluttered for a minute over the tea-table. When she looked up her eyes were calm.

"It is a big thing, isn't it?" she said.

"A thing not to be done in an impulse."

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Established by Franklin in 1788.

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STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

## THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

By His Excellency,  
ARAH J. POTTER, Governor.

Providence to the custom established for Thanksgiving day, and in accordance with the President of the United States, who by his proclamation has set apart a day on which we are to give thanks for the many blessings which have been bestowed upon us by the Father of the Nation.

Thanksgiving, ARAH J. POTTER, Governor of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, in exercise of the authority and in performance of the duty devolving upon him by law, do hereby appoint and designate the 27th day of November, 1914, as a day of public Thanksgiving, on which our people may give thanks for their ordinary occupations, and in their several homes and places of worship, join in rendering thanks to the Great Ruler, for His abundant favor and His profound gratitude for the blessings of peace which we here enjoy in this hour of world strife.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the State to be affixed, this 21st day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fourteen, and of Independence the one hundred and thirty-ninth.

A. J. POTTER, Governor.  
J. FRED PARKER, Secretary of State.

Colonel Roosevelt says: "I am a private of the privatest kind." The Lord be thanked. Let us hope he will remain so.

We hear much less about "Thank God for Wilson," than we did before election. Why?

Revolution in Mexico goes merrily on. Villa, President Wilson's pet bandit, is still breaking fire and slaughter. Wilson's watchful waiting policy is proving itself more and more a monumental blunder.

To "watchful waiting" in Mexico while Villa goes on shooting people at random, must now be added the Turk's dishonoring our flag in foreign waters. The weak and vacillating policy of the President has brought contempt for our flag the world over.

The state returning board is still struggling with the ballots cast on November 3, and sometime before January 1 they will tell us who is elected. Thus far they have made no change in the result announced the night of election. The majorities have in many cases been changed. On Thursday the board declared Gen. Walter R. Stines elected over Congressman Gerry in the second district by a majority of 975, which was considerable increase over that given in warden's count.

Commissioner Redfield says: business is good. Secretary McAdoo says: times are improving. President Wilson says: we are on the eve of great prosperity. The same old song the Democratic administration has been singing for many months, but the millions of laborers who are seeking work with which to feed their hungry families do not appreciate these prognostications. To be sure since election and the tremendous repudiation of President Wilson and his administration, people have begun to take courage and hope for better things in the future. But to say that the times are good and the country prosperous, as did the Democratic stump orators, is saying that which everybody knows to be false. It is a striking commentary on Democratic mismanagement when the only ray of sunshine in the business world come from Democratic defeat.

## "Little Chance for Constitutional Changes."

There is all probability need be little looked for in the way of constitutional tinkering on the part of the Republican majority in the legislature during the next two years. The Republicans have full control of the state, and the people of the state the present month paid no attention at all to the Democratic charges that the majority party in the state had broken faith with the people. The Democrats lost several members of the state senate, and in the house they have been considerably weakened as a combative force. — Providence News.

Pray tell us why there should be any constitutional tinkering? What is the matter with the present constitution? The election on November 3 showed pretty conclusively that the people are satisfied with it. The Providence papers, some of them at any rate, during the campaign, abused and vilified the last General Assembly because they refused to vote for a constitutional convention. They accused them of lying to the people, of betraying their trust, and called them all the hard names in the catalogue of abuse. What is the result? The next General Assembly instead of having a small Republican majority, is almost unanimously Republican. There are but three of the Democratic party in the senate and two of that number come from towns overwhelmingly opposed to constitutional conventions and constitutional tinkering. So it is pretty evident that the people of Rhode Island are well satisfied with the constitution they now have. Why shouldn't they be? No state in the union has a better one. No state in the union is more prosperous or better governed than is Rhode Island, and the watchword of the people should be, as it undoubtedly is, "Let well enough alone." We know the people of this state pretty thoroughly, and outside of a few people in Providence who take their religion and politics from the Providence Journal we have yet to find any loud demand for any sweeping changes in our constitution.

## Work Not Talk.

It is said the President is now going to devote himself to action and stop talking. That is a good resolve. He has been congratulating himself for many months on the great prosperity he has brought on the country and still the ungrateful people vote a lack of confidence in his well worn and smooth platitudes. It was in answering a question of what he thought of election results, and how they may affect the future course of his administration, that the President said that acts, and not words, will hereafter express his policies. The main fact to be seen in the results, he added, is that they leave the Democratic party still in control of the government. A conclusion might easily be drawn from this that he considers that fact, in itself, a sufficient answer to the great majority of people who recently expressed their dissatisfaction not only with words, but with such acts of that party as have had time and opportunity to demonstrate their ineffectiveness for public service. He might be understood as saying that the large majority which condemned the party record has really acclaimed it, because of congressional apportionments, distribution of seats, and other factitious causes. But this may have been only another lapsing into the platitudinous use of words, from which, in spite of his expressed determination to reform, we fear that Mr. Wilson will never be able to escape.

Many Democratic members of the House who have said they saw the sun at night, when the President said it was noon, have since seen their sun eclipsed. They are now in darkness, and most shining verbal textures may fall to make them see. Mr. Wilson is wise in his resolve to abandon words. But can he?

## Thanks Due Rockefeller.

The thanks of the world are due John D. Rockefeller for his great munificence in relieving the sufferings of a starving nation. The people of Belgium, in no ways responsible for this great European war, have had to bear the brunt of it all. There, all is gone. Their people are starving. The greatest of the disaster falls on the old, the infirm and upon the women and children.

The Rockefeller Foundation, endowed by John D. Rockefeller with \$100,000,000, has entered actively upon the work of relief for these unfortunate people. The announcement is made that millions of dollars of the funds will be spent in alleviating their distress. No cause ever has made, or ever can make a stronger appeal to humanity, and we repeat that Mr. Rockefeller is to be congratulated upon having lived to see such a fruition of his good work in the partial distribution of his great fortune to serve the needs of humanity.

He has, of course, been well assured that the many millions he has poured into the endowment funds of institutions of learning, with a view to placing either a classical or a technical education in the reach of all youth anxious to secure it, have been doing a great, silent work of good. He can not doubt this. But his faith in that case is an evidence of things felt but not seen. In the relief expeditions sent to Europe, he will see faith justifying itself in such works as the one who looks for both faith and works is sure to approve and bless.

## Look Out For Night Riders.

The latest among the many schemes tried for holding the price of cotton up at unnatural levels is "night-riding." In certain sections of the South if a planter sells his cotton below 10 cents a pound he is pounced on some night by a gang of masked bandits. Perhaps it is the adoption of some such scheme as this that Secretary McAdoo had in mind when he warned Boston bankers that it would work to their disadvantage not to go in on the cotton pool. This brow-beating attempt to drive Northern people and Northern money to the support of Southern planters is the most barefaced outrage of the many the administration has perpetrated on Northern enterprise and Northern people. This attempt to compel Northern money to be used to put up the price of cotton so that Northern manufacturers would have to pay more for their raw material and then sell their manufactured goods minus duty should go down in history as one of the greatest outrages attempted by an outrageous administration.

## Reason for Improvement.

The President of the Home Market Club in an address on Wednesday said: "A gain of eighty protectionist Congressmen is the answer to the Administration's plea for an endorsement of the Underwood-Wilson tariff. It was the tariff issue that made this gain possible. As a result of the election courage and confidence have taken the place of doubt and depression, and the outlook for American business is brighter today than it has been at any time since President Wilson signed the new tariff law. The country has rejected the tariff-for-revenue-only policy and has served notice that it stands firmly for the American policy of protection, for the American market, for American capital and labor, for full employment and the best possible wages."

Horses and mules valued at \$2,400,000 have been shipped from the National Stock Yards at St. Louis to the French and British governments since the war began.

## Race Segregation.

(Boston Traveller.)

President Jefferson was one day riding with his grandson when they met a negro who took off his hat and bowed. The President returned the salutation by raising his hat, but the grandson ignored the civility of the negro. "Thomas," said the grandfather, "do you permit a slave to be more of a gentleman than yourself?"

It is inconceivable, of course, that President Wilson should have "turned down" a negro delegation's protest against segregation—a protest in which was embodied a principle as broad as human liberty—because their spokesman lacked "tact" in presenting their case. By the same token one might by now a drowning man's cry for help on the ground that it was not uttered in a pleasant, persuasive tone of voice.

It is quite obvious, from many things that have happened during his administration, that President Wilson expects the negroes to go on patiently enduring many "discriminations" inflicted by the whites which the whites would not suffer for a moment at the hands of the negroes. Thus does "The superior race" prove its superiority.

Perhaps the language of the spokesman was not tactful. Perhaps the President's suave, pleasant words and promises regarding fair and equitable treatment proved a bit irritating when contrasted with conditions as they exist and as the President knows they exist. "The systematic denial of manhood rights to black men in the South is the crying disgrace of the century."

These are the words of the editor of The Crisis, perhaps the ablest champion of his race. "We have wrongs, deep and bitter wrongs. There are local and individual exceptions; there are some mitigating circumstances; there is much to be excused; and yet for the great mass of 10,000,000 Americans of negro descent these things are true."

Perhaps President Wilson would argue that if all the rest of the country is discriminating against the negro it must be right to do so in the federal offices, why, of course, it ought to be all right in any part of the country.

## Partyless Politics.

Providence Journal.

As the fires of November election contests die, Newport prepares for its December demonstration of partyless politics. The summer capital knows no party in municipal politics—theoretically. The law forbids it; the separate election day is a part of the plan to prevent the contamination of the local campaign by the introduction of such issues as the currency, tariff, public apolls and the amendment of the State Constitution. No tenets of faith that go back to Hamilton, Jefferson, Doer or Lincoln may logically influence the choice of a Congressman.

But no way has been found to prevent agreement on matters of city policy when two or three Newport Republicans are gathered together or similar harmony when an equal party of Democrats meet in privacy. Somehow they will, on the sly, talk about selecting a Republican to run against Mayor Rogers.

It is hard to teach the American voter new tricks. But the Newport plan has its advantages. As compensation for the loss of the excitement of party fights, whereby one's fellow citizen is "desirable" or "undesirable" according to which circle on the ballot contains his cross mark, hundreds of Newporters are elected to councilor office. If you say, "Good morning, Councilman," in Washington square, the response sounds like the opening line in the "Gondolan from Japan" male chorus from "Mikado." One of the inducements to settlement in Newport is that almost every citizen holds office. Men who wouldn't attend town meeting once a year as a duty can thus be easily induced to perform that labor at frequent intervals in the consciousness that is an officeholder's privilege.

"If Germany Loses," is the title of a contribution to the December Century by an English Privy Councillor. The article forecasts what will happen in the event of Germany's final defeat in the great war. It was written by one of the greatest military authorities in England, whose name, for obvious reasons, will not be given—a man who has occupied exalted positions, many of them in close contact with the English throne itself, and has been intimately associated with the solution of some of the most pressing military problems that have concerned the empire. His assumptions are based on the belief that the invasion of France by Germany must ultimately fail, and that the French and Russian arms will in the end be victorious in a campaign threatening Berlin itself. Starting from these premises, he prophesies the dismemberment of the German and Austro-Hungarian empires, the total loss of Germany's colonies, and the reduction of her fleet to formidable proportions.

It is estimated that more than half a billion dollars' worth of steel has been destroyed by the sinking of the vessels of various nations in the European conflict.

Thirty-two tons of postage stamps valued at over \$3,000,000 have been sent to the post offices of the country in preparation for Christmas rush.

## PORTSMOUTH.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Mrs. Sarah A. Greene of Newport is visiting friends here.

Mr. Harry Dale, conductor of the dining car running from Boston to Montreal, has been visiting his family.

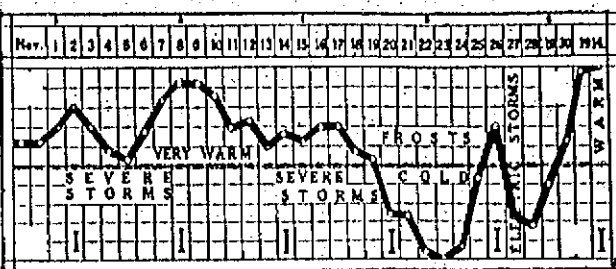
Postmaster Charles Thomas has been ill with gripe.

Rev. John Wadsworth has been attending the New England Convention of Methodists in Boston. While there he was guest of his son, Frank Wadsworth.

Mrs. Robert M. Wyatt and Mrs. William Mosher attended the Sunday School Convention in Providence, going as delegates from the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School.

The regular meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society was held with Mrs. Eunice A. Greene. There was a business session. Later supper was served to 45. In the evening a pleasing program was presented. Those assisting in the entertainment were, Miss Edna Malone, Finis Macomber, Marguerite Holman, Rev. Mr. Estes, Mrs. Estes, Mrs. Greene, Mrs.

## WEATHER BULLETIN.



Temperatures of this month will be close to the average of many past Novembers. First half of the month will be much warmer than usual and last half much cooler than usual. A very warm wave, moving eastward, will cover great central valleys near Nov. 10 and a severe cold wave moving eastward will cover great central valleys near Nov. 25. Severe storms are expected Nov. 2 to 7 and 13 to 17 and not far from 22 and 27.

From about Oct. 25 to Nov. 25 excessive rains will fall in southern states, Mexico, Central America, and northern South America. Also from about to above normal rains in eastern sections of the states and Canada. Elsewhere on this continent from about to below normal rain. For the same period of about 30 days or longer all of South America east of Andes and south of the Amazon country will get a serious drought, while Australia, India, Southeast Africa, and Europe will get abundant precipitation. The European war zone will get severe winter weather with heavy snows or rains.

Troble line represents normal temperatures. Where the temperature line goes above this normal line indicates warmer and where it goes below indicates cooler than usual. Temperature line dates, are for Meridian 90. Count one to three days earlier for west of that line and as much later for east of it in proportion to the distance from that line which runs north and south through St. Louis.

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Washington, D. C. Nov. 19, 1914.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Nov. 24 to 28, warm wave 23 to 27, cool wave 28 to 30. Temperatures of that week will average colder than usual and killing frosts before and after the warm wave will go farther south than usual and stop by cotton growth in northern parts of cotton belt.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Nov. 29, cross Pacific slope by close of 30, great central valleys Dec. 1 to 3, eastern sections 4. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Nov. 29, great central valleys Dec. 1, eastern sections 3. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 2, great central valleys 4, eastern sections 6.

This will bring in a warm wave of unusually high temperatures and the cool wave following will not go to low temperatures. The temperatures of Nov. 30 to Dec. 6 will average unusually warm. No great storms are expected. Not any snow and not much rain. Whatever precipitation occurs will be in eastern and southern sections.

Another disturbance will follow closely after the above described, reaching Pacific coast about Dec. 2. It will cross Pacific slope by close of Dec. 3, great central valleys 4 to 6, eastern sections 7. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 2, great central valleys 4, eastern sections 6. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 5, great central valleys 7, eastern sections 9.

This will be a continuation of the un-

Richard Macomber, Mrs. William T. H. Sowle and Mrs. Charles Cory.

Mrs. Frederick G. Cooke who has been at the Highland Hospital is now with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Anthony of Park avenue.

Mrs. William H. Allen of Attleboro has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Eunice Greene.

The Ladies Aid Society held its annual meeting with Mrs. Charles Carr, Jr., when the following officers were elected to serve the ensuing year:

President—Mrs. Thomas J. Sweet. Vice President—Mrs. Kate Bailey. Directors—Mrs. P. A. Coggeshall, Mrs. Abram Rathbone, Mrs. Robert Purcell. Secretary—Mrs. Warren R. Sherman. Assistant Secretary—Mrs. Albert Loucks.

Rev. Father Anderson of the Holy Cross Fathers preached at St. Paul's Church Sunday morning.

Rev. and Mrs. John Cornell have closed their home here and gone to New York where they will spend the winter at the Waldorf-Astoria as usual.

Miss Hazel Dale was given a surprise party Saturday evening to celebrate her birthday by about 30 friends. She received several pretty gifts among them being a thermos bottle.

Henry Anthony, son of Mr. and Mrs. George I. Anthony, was given a surprise party at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Robert Purcell, by 15 of his friends. The evening was much enjoyed by all.

Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt's string of show-horses have returned from the shows at St. Louis and Kansas City, where they won many prizes.

Mr. C. Woodman Chase spent the week-end with his wife in Worcester. He found Mrs. Chase considerably improved in health.

The Willing Workers met with Mrs. Abner P. Anthony on Wednesday. The society is planning a supper and sale, with a dance to be held at Oakland Hall Dec. 9th.

Mrs. Bradford Norman entertained the Choir Guild of St. Mary's Church at her home Brook Farm on Friday.

Miss Carolyn D. Anthony has been entertaining Miss Margaret McLeod of Fall River.

The election of officers and installation of Eureka Lodge, A. F. and A. M., was held this week at Eureka Hall. The exercises were of a private nature, and were followed by a supper. The lodge-rooms have been in the hands of decorators for some time, and the work was just completed before the meeting. The paintings on the walls are quite elaborate and have been there for many years, having been executed by an artist of exceptional ability.

Mr. W. W. Anthony has been in Providence, the guest of his sister Mrs. J. H. Brown.

The salad supper at Fair Hall given by St. Anthony's Church was well attended. The supper was delicious and well served. Following the supper there was a dance, an orchestra from Fall River playing for dancing.

The harvest supper given by the Ladies Benevolent Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Eureka Hall was well attended, many coming from out of town. The supper was excellent. Later the society will give a turkey supper.

Rear Admiral Thomas J. Cowie, formerly Paymaster General of the Navy, has been appointed an instructor at the War College here. He is well known in Newport, having been on duty at the stations here at various times.

# MAY HAVE BEEN "FRIENDLY ACT"

Turkey Must Explain Insult to the American Flag

## WASHINGTON IS IN THE DARK

Belief That Incident Will Be Promptly Adjusted Through Diplomatic Channels—American Cruisers Await Specific Instructions—Will Take No Action to Embarrass Government

The United States government has directed Ambassador Morgenthau at Constantinople to ask the Ottoman government for an explanation of the firing by Turkish land forces at a launch from the American cruiser Tennessee, which was proceeding from Smyrna to the American consulate at Smyrna, Asia Minor.

Secretary Daniels, with the approval of President Wilson, simultaneously cabled the commanders of the Tennessee and the North Carolina, also in the Mediterranean, to take no action which might embarrass the American government and to await specific instructions from Washington concerning the general situation.

These steps followed the receipt of a message from Captain Decker, commander of the Tennessee, which was paraphrased in this statement from the navy department:

"Captain D. O. Decker, in command of the Tennessee, wired Secretary Daniels that while proceeding from Smyrna to Smyrna to make official calls, boat was fired on. Consuls anxious for safety of consulates. Tennessee proceeded to and left Smyrna at request of ambassador, and is now anchored in the harbor of Selis (Chios), Greece, from which Captain Decker's telegram was sent. Secretary Daniels wired for fuller information."

Although without definite details as to just what occurred, high officials of the Washington government had no doubt that the incident, no matter where the responsibility lay, would be promptly adjusted through diplomatic channels.

President Wilson is determined that under no circumstances shall the United States be involved in war with Turkey. If the Turkish officers acted without authority of the Ottoman government and the firing was not justified by naval procedure in a closed port, it is confidently believed the Ottoman government will render apology.

On account of the slow cable communication from Constantinople through the only available route—Bulgaria, Roumania, Austria and Italy—no message concerning the incident came from Morgenthau. The last dispatches received from the ambassador were dated Nov. 14 and were of a routine character.

With the navy's message as the only basis for judgment, President Wilson, and administration officials were puzzled. Two suggestions were vouchsafed by high officials, although they admitted that their views were purely speculative.

The firing, they thought, probably was a friendly act, giving the customary warning by a single shot, signifying to the Tennessee's launch that the port of Smyrna was mined and closed, or else the boat was turned back because it attempted to enter without previous arrangements having been made with the Turkish authorities.

Officials of the government decline to believe that the firing was an unfriendly act. Assurances given by the port have repeatedly pledged protection and the closest friendliness for American citizens.

However, when the American warships first went to Turkey to protect American interests and deliver gold for the relief of missionaries Turkey was at peace. Since then the United States has taken over the diplomatic interests of Great Britain and France, with whom the porte is at war—a circumstance which is fraught with delicate responsibilities.

## VILLA IS MARCHING ON

Carranza Troops Join His Ranks In Advance on Mexico City

General Villa's march on Mexico City continues unobstructed, according to unofficial telegrams received at Washington from American consular agents accompanying him.

Two thousand Carranza troops changed their allegiance on the arrival of the Villa advance at Leon, and garrisons all along the line are incorporating themselves in the Villa column.

That Villa will reach Mexico City without difficulty is the opinion of the American agents, who say his army is well equipped and moving with scientific precision. From Carranza sources, however, it is stated that Villa will have to clash in a few days with the troops of Generals Obregon and Gonzales.

## SALEM TO GET \$200,000

Government Will Aid Families Who Suffered From Great Fire

Secretary of War Garrison is expected shortly to authorize payment of the \$200,000 appropriated by congress for the victims of the Salem, Mass., fire.

The way for this is cleared by the decision of the comptroller of the treasury that the money can properly be used for relief, but not for rehabilitation of the sufferers.

The comptroller holds that the money may be disbursed for relief purposes until the stricken families are able to readjust their affairs.

## WEEKLY ALMANAC, NOVEMBER 1914

### STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High water	Water Eve
21 Sat	5 42	4 30	8 16	10 12	10 50
22 Sun	5 49	4 23	8 10	11 11	11 11
23 Mon	5 56	4 16	8 04	12 10	12 15
24 Tues	6 04	4 09	7 58	1 10	1 15
25 Wed	6 12	4 02	7 52	2 10	2 15
26 Thur	6 20	3 55	7 46	3 10	3 15
27 Fri	6 28	3 48	7 40	4 10	4 15
Full Moon Nov. 2	4.40m, Evening				
New Moon Nov. 10	8.30m, Morning				
New Moon Nov. 17	11.20m, Morning				
Moon's 1st qr. Nov. 21	8.30m, Morning				

## Marriages.

At the parsonage of the First Baptist Church, 15th St., Rev. H. A. Jones, officiating, Margaret A. Woodfield and Lloyd Munnell, both of this city.

## Deaths.

In this city, 19th inst., Margaret Moran, aged 73 years.  
In this city, 17th inst., Mary Ellen, daughter of the late Al-Hall and Ellen Cradden and wife of Patrick P. Shea.  
In this city, 17th inst., John Adams Chase, son of Mrs. James S. Chase.  
In this city, 17th inst., Emma Elizabeth, wife of John H. Barry.  
In this city, 18th inst., Henry B. Osborne, in his 84th year.  
In this city, 18th inst., Rosanna H., widow of Stephen H. Tibbitt, in her 88th year.  
In this city, 17th inst., Robert A. Johnstone.  
In this city, 18th inst., Bridget Cahill.  
In North Attleboro, 18th inst., Mary Lonsie, daughter of Frank and the late Ellen Dwyer.  
In Bristol, 18th inst., Beatrice, youngest daughter of Hon. LeBaron Bradford and Mary Louise Colt.

## HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding tenements, houses furnished and unfurnished, and farms or sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

## A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

121 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1851. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public. He has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villages and Country places.



# GOEBEN PUT OUT OF COMMISSION

Russia Claims Victory in Battle With Turkish Fleet

FOUGHT AT FIVE-MILE RANGE

Breslau, Another Former German Cruiser, Does Not Participate in Conflict—Berlin Celebrates Great Victory in Poland, Where Russian Forces Are Driven Back—Battle Along the Vistula Will Be of Decisive Character—Kaiser Said to Have Staked All Upon Success or Failure of Present Move—Fighting in the West Developing Into Great Artillery Duel All Along the Line

In the first test of arms between the Russian and Turkish fleets in the Black sea, the Russians have come off victorious.

An official dispatch from the Russian ministry of marine at Petrograd tells how a division of the czar's Black sea fleet met the German-Turkish cruisers Goeben and Breslau. It was a long range duel between the Russians and the Goeben, the ships never being within less than five miles of each other.

The Goeben was not hit by the shells of the enemy, but managed to escape, owing to her superior speed. It is believed that she is seriously damaged that she has been put out of commission, and perhaps sunk. The Breslau, the report states, did not join in the attack, but kept out of range and accompanied her wounded sister when she retired.

An official dispatch from Constantinople via Herin claims a Turkish victory and the crippling of the Russian flagship, with the Turkish cruisers chasing the rest of the squadron into Sebastopol, but the Russian statement is accepted in London as authentic.

Taken by Surprise

The Russian squadron, returning from its cruise to Sebastopol, sighted the two former German cruisers about twenty-five miles from the Bosphorus light. With the flagship Admiral Evstafy in the lead, the Russians drew up in battle formation, opening fire. The first salvo of 12-inch guns from the flagship struck the Goeben and caused an explosion amidships, setting her on fire. Then the rest of the squadron got into action, the fire being effective, and the Goeben was seen to be in trouble. However, she brought her heavy guns into play with some effect, for the Russians admit the loss of four officers and twenty-nine sailors killed, with a small number wounded. The Goeben, accompanied by the Breslau, then disappeared into the fog and were not pursued.

What the loss on the Goeben amounts to is unknown, but it is believed to have been very heavy. The Turkish cruisers were evidently taken by surprise, but there is much argument in London as to the reason the Breslau did not join with the Goeben in meeting the Russians.

Great Fight Near in East

Outside of the news of this reverse to the Turks, interest in the war was largely centered upon the sudden German offensive in the east. The Russian advance in Poland has been turned back; that is admitted by Petrograd, but in spite of the fact that the German force has been able to strike into the Russian center, the Russians continue to advance on the north and south, apparently ignoring the reverse to the center.

In Galicia, before Cracow, they are pushing their advantage, while in East Prussia the long arm of the czar's troops is slowly creeping nearer its objective point, Berlin. Also are the Russians active in the Carpathians, their object being to prevent the Austrians from retiring into Hungary. It is stated that 800,000 have been cut off from their own territory and will if defeated be compelled to retreat westward.

Germans Pushing Forward

Just what success the Kaiser's forces have made in their advance on the Russian center is more or less a matter of conjecture. Neither Berlin nor Petrograd is allowing much information to escape. It is sure, however, that the Russians have been forced back from the German frontier and been compelled to retreat more than half the distance they had advanced after their victorious battle of Warsaw. The Germans are strongly reinforced and are pushing forward with characteristic energy.

Berlin is celebrating the victory, and official dispatches from that city assert that the Russian losses are estimated at from 40,000 to 50,000 men. A Russian account of the reverse indicates that the czar's cavalry suffered heavily.

The forward movement of the German forces along the Vistula is being watched with great interest by European military critics, who believe that this movement will determine one of the greatest campaigns of the war. Several critics go so far as to say that it will determine the fate of the Kaiser's operations against Russia, or even the duration of the war.

The Russian center is crowded between the Vistula and the Warta, and has not an altogether favorable position. The Russian operations in Galicia and East Prussia, however, are not seriously affected as yet, for in those localities the Russians are holding their own or advancing slightly.

The battle is being fought, or will be fought, between the Vistula and Warta rivers in Poland, and it is believed that the German general's test of this is to their advantage, that the Russians will not be able to

Deploy their enormous numbers to advantage.

Upon the success or failure of his present move the Kaiser is believed to have staked his all. A victory will seriously embarrass the Russian armies in the north and south; in fact, will make it necessary to divert large numbers of troops from both divisions to reinforce the harassed center. A victory for the Germans will probably mean the cessation (at least temporarily) of Russian offensive movements, while a defeat would make the three-pronged advance into the German-Austrian domains even faster and more overwhelming than it has been in the past few weeks.

Great Battle Continues

The Germans have weakened their forces in the west in order to strike the blow in the east, but to offset this advantage before the French and British troops, more of the great Krupp guns have been brought forward. The thirty-five-day battle is rapidly developing into a great artillery duel. Neither side can use its infantry to advantage. The weather has made foot attacks almost impossible. The men cannot advance to advantage over the muddy ground, rendered a mass of slime by the continued rains. The extended areas which the allies have flooded between the coast and the Marmora also militate against infantry tactics. The battle promises to continue for weeks, perhaps months longer, before a decisive result is obtained. Both Paris and Berlin claim slight advantages on the day's fighting, but the ground taken or lost by either side is necessarily comparatively trivial.

AUSTRIANS' FAULTY CHARGE

Nine Hundred Men, Mashed to Bloody Mass in Sunk Road

Austria has its Sunk Road like Waterloo. The Hunyadi cavalry, Vienna's bloodiest, butchered its way to a hollow victory. In charging over unknown ground they piled into a deep ditch. The bodies of the 900 men were mangled to a bloody mass with the bodies of their horses. All the horrors of the charge at Waterloo were repeated.

Under the heels of oncoming horses the dying men writhed and tried in vain to escape being crushed into the great bloody mound. Within ten minutes what had been Vienna's proudest cavalry regiment was only a gigantic mass of mixed men and horseflesh. The officer who ordered the charge killed himself.

LOSS OF THE AUDACIOUS

United States Had News of Disaster to Warship Two Weeks Ago

The United States government has known officially for two weeks of the destruction of the British dreadnought Audacious by a mine off the Irish coast, but has kept the matter secret at the request of the British government.

Ambassador Page cabled the American government of the sinking of the Audacious within a day or two after she went down. He said he had been officially informed of the sinking as well as of the delay to the liner Olympic.

He gave no details, however, and merely stated that the British government wanted the loss kept secret for the present. Officials at Washington scrupulously guarded the news.

A GENERAL SURVEY OF THE WAR IN EUROPE

Cardinal Mercier, primate of Belgium, who has just returned to his own country after a visit to England, sent a stirring appeal through the American commission for relief in Belgium for assistance for his starving parishioners of Wallonia and the surrounding neighborhood.

Another warning to American citizens against unnecessary visits to foreign countries involved in war was issued by the state department at Washington, with a particular caution to naturalized citizens that they should stay away from their native countries or countries with which they are at war.

David Lloyd George, chancellor of the exchequer, in the house of commons, estimated that the cost of one year of the war for England would be \$2,250,000,000, the largest amount the country has ever spent on a war and more than twice what was spent in the conflict with South Africa during four years.

The Berlin Lokal Anzeiger, in an editorial on the death of Lord Roberts, says: "On the occasion of the death of Lord Roberts the whole German press expresses itself alike. Even in war moments occur when the fighter salutes the enemy with the sabre instead of striking him with it. Such a moment has arisen with the death of Lord Roberts."

Emperor William, accompanied by his staff, returned to Kolmar, forty miles southwest of Strasbourg, his starting point at the commencement of the war, according to a dispatch from Basel. The dispatch says the emperor appeared to be anxious and taciturn.

Death of Veteran Registrar Colonel Dana W. King, for more than thirty-eight years registrar of deeds in Hillsboro county and prominent in Grand Army circles in New Hampshire, died at Nashua, aged 82.

Nine Thousand Pheasants Slain More than 9,000 pheasants were slaughtered in Massachusetts during the open season which began Oct. 12, according to the latest estimate of the fish and game commission.

Miss Gordon Heads W. C. T. U. Miss Anna A. Gordon of Evanston, Ill., was elected president of the Woman's Christian Temperance union at its general convention at Atlanta.

# ROBERTS DIES NEAR TRENCHES

Pneumonia Claims Great Soldier at Age of Eighty-Two

BELOVED BY GREAT BRITAIN

Civilians and Soldiers Alike Mourn Death of "Bobs," Hero of Many Famous Wars—Had For Years Preached Doctrine of Thorough Preparedness—Praised by Kaiser

Field Marshal Lord Roberts, the idolized "Bobs" of England, died at the front in France, and all Great Britain is in mourning.

Lord Roberts died as he probably would have wished, close to the trenches where his fighting men of India were engaged with the enemy. The cold, wet weather hanging over flooded Flanders brought about his death, for at his age he was unable to stand the rigors of the climate and contracted pneumonia.

Lord Roberts was 82 years old. He had gone to France to see the Indian troops and had expected to remain only a short time. He was the colonel in chief of the native troops. On Thursday he was in the trenches with them and contracted a cold. Pneumonia developed and he quickly succumbed.

When Roberts' death was announced the words of the Kaiser regarding him were recalled by many. "Roberts of Kandahar," the Kaiser is recorded as saying, "has much of the subtlety and ability to perceive his opportunities which have distinguished the greatest military geniuses of the past. I hold him to be the ablest of the soldiers of today."

A veteran of Britain's wars in India and South Africa, when the great European war began, Roberts, who has, as he often remarked, lived a remarkably abstemious life that he might preserve his strength for the service of his country, was of too advanced age to lend the empire's troops in the field, but he threw himself into the work of raising British army and arousing the nation to its peril.

For years Roberts has preached the doctrine of thorough preparedness, and had warned England of the dangers menacing her from the continent.

Roberts had no liking for society. His home at Ascot was a modest, unpretentious villa. Day and night since the war began the slight but solidly built figure of "Bobs" was to be seen at Lord Kitchener's office or at the training camps. His greatest interest lay with the Indian troops, and he issued an appeal, to which generous response was made for funds for their ill and wounded.

Scion of an Irish family, Roberts was born in 1832 in Cawnpore, India, where his father, General Sir Abraham Roberts, was serving. It was in the Indian service that the gallant and efficient soldier achieved his first and lasting fame.

But it was as field marshal and earl that Lord Roberts was formally known; it was as "Bobs" that the men of the ranks knew him, loved him and greeted him. In their estimation and in that of the admiring public, which appreciated and applauded his gallant service for his country, no name could fit him better than this diminutive of his family name and a word meaning "hero" in Hindi.

Roberts had six children, of whom only two daughters survive him. His first child, a girl, died a year after birth, as did his second. His third, a son, died at birth. His next child was Lady Alice Mary R., heiress to the earldom, who was born in 1870. The fifth child was the son who was killed in the Boer war after winning the Victoria Cross, and his sixth is Lady Ada, who was born in 1878 and was married a year ago to Major Henry F. Elliott.

GENERAL NEWS - EVENTS

Richard King, 3, died at Boston as the result of burns received while playing with matches.

President Wilson will spend Thanksgiving day with his daughter, Mrs. Francis B. Sayre, at Williams-town, Mass.

Eight inmates and two guards lost their lives in a fire which destroyed the Florida state reform school at Marianna.

The postoffice safe at North Dighton, Mass., was dynamited and about \$500 in cash and stamps stolen by robbers, who escaped.

Thomas Marland, 10, was instantly killed by an auto truck at Manchester, N. H., while on his way to school.

The betrothal was announced at Paris of Bessie Van Vorst, the American author, and Hughes Laroux, one of the editors of La Matin.

The will of the late William Endicott, Boston merchant, was filed in the Suffolk probate court. He leaves \$202,000 in public bequests.

White Star liner Celtic, from the Mediterranean, arrived in Boston harbor, bringing a case of smallpox.

C. M. Rimbach, the missing proprietor of the Crawford House, Boston, was adjudged bankrupt.

Night riders have broken loose again in Muhlenberg county, Ky., this time lynching a man who was under indictment for alleged participation in their outrages.

Harry Meloon, 19, was accidentally shot and killed on the state rifle range at Manchester, N. H., by George M. Stacy, keeper of the range.

Fire destroyed the old unoccupied paper mills at Boston Neck, Conn., and several adjoining buildings, with a loss of \$50,000.

# DEMAND FOR MEAT GREATLY REDUCED

Slump in Prices at Chicago Stockyards as a Result

Hogs on the hoof are selling at the Chicago stockyards for the lowest prices in two years. The market is demoralized. The prices are from 50 to 75 cents lower than the quotations last Monday, when the market reopened. The cattle market is in a comatose condition at the losses of from 50 and 75 cents to \$1 from Monday's prices.

Two reasons are offered. The packers say the public has become alarmed at the spread of the hoof and mouth disease and fears that meat has or will become affected. There is no reason for such belief. But in the meantime the public is not buying much meat and consequently prices are going down.

ROBERT BURDETTE DEAD

Had Gained Wide Fame as Humorist, Author and Preacher

Dr. Robert J. Burdette, preacher, author and humorist, died at his home at Pasadena, Cal. He was 70 years old.

Burdette began cultivating good humor obscurely in Peoria, Ill., forty years ago when he spent a part of his days at a desk on the Peoria Transcript "trying to think," as he himself once related, "of pleasant things to tell the folks when I went home at night."

His audience of "folks" then was Carrie Garrett, whom he had married a short time before, while she lay supposedly on her death bed, but who lived, and, though an invalid for life, became immortalized by her husband as "His Little Serene Happiness." It was she who encouraged him to sow his humor in wider fields. The invalid wife encouraged him, too, to try the lecture field.

\$2,500,000 MORE NEEDED

Congress Will Be Asked to Help Stamp Out Cattle Disease

To date the federal and state governments have spent approximately \$750,000 in the campaign against the live stock foot and mouth disease epidemic.

Of this about \$400,000 has been borne by the federal government, almost exhausting the appropriation funds of the department of agriculture. An emergency appropriation of probably \$2,500,000 will be asked of congress when it meets to complete the work of stamping out the disease.

The last outbreak of the disease—that of 1908—cost the federal government alone \$300,000.

WIRELESS AT CAPE COD

Navy Department Will Help Ships During Periods of Fog

Wireless apparatus designed to help ships groping in fog to determine their positions soon will be established at Cape Cod by the navy department.

The apparatus has been perfected by American naval officers, it is announced, so that it will be possible to locate an lighting ship after measurement of the radio waves by the points of a compass.

Old Warship Sold at Auction The frigate Independence, last of the fighting ships built for the war of 1812, was sold at auction at Vallejo, Cal., for \$3513. The Independence was used as a training ship at Mare Island.

No Place For Letters.

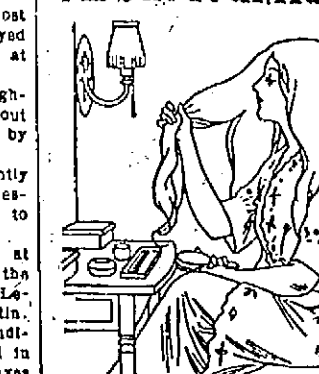
A learned young woman of Boston was spending her vacation in a little country place. To the local bookshop of the village she went one afternoon and made known her mental wants to the clerk:

"I should like the 'Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle.'"

"I beg your pardon, miss," said the clerk, "but this ain't no postoffice."

New York Globe.

# Why Worry About Your Hair



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you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

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### FROZEN IN GULLY

Groom-to-Be Found Dead While Wedding Party Waits in Church

Timothy F. Cronin, who was to have been married to Miss Amelia Schultz, lay frozen to death at his wedding hour in a gully near his home at Manchester, N. H., while his bride-to-be and the bridal party waited for him at St. Joseph's cathedral.

Not until hours after the bride and other members of the party had gone home did the reason become known for the groom's failure to appear. Miss Schultz is prostrated with grief. It is not known exactly how Cronin met his death, but the theory is that he missed his footing in the dark Tuesday night, rolled from the street down the embankment, was knocked unconscious, and froze to death before morning.

He had a bunch of keys in his hand, as though he were getting ready to unlock the door of his home when he fell.

Hadn't Used One.

Uncle Ezra—Eph Hoskins must have had some time down in New York. Uncle Eben—Yep. Reckon he traveled a mighty swift pace. Eph's wife said that when Eph got back and went into his room he looked at the bed, kicked it and said, "What's that darn thing for?"—Judge.

All at a Glance.

Mr. Foster—That's a pretty woman that just passed us. Mrs. Foster—H'm! She's wearing her last season's hat, her puffs don't match her hair, her skirt bulks up in the back, and her waist sags on one side. Men never notice anything.—Boston Globe.

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## Notice

### Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads, Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

### STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS

AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.  
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## STREETS OF CHRISTIANIA.

The Most Tastefully Designed of Any Capital in Europe.

Christiania is probably the most tastefully laid out capital of any state in Europe. Paris itself not excepted. It owes its foundation entirely to King Christian IV. of Denmark, from whom it takes its name, who in or about the year 1625 decided to erect for himself a new capital on the opposite side of the river to Oslo.

The whole of the main streets of the city run at right angles and are extremely wide. Indeed, it would hardly be an exaggeration to call them squares rather than streets. For the most part the architecture is rather heavy in design, but the clear air that comes from the fjords tends to give the whole place a tone of lightness that it would otherwise lack.

The river Aker contains a wonderful series of "waterfalls" in the upper courses some little distance from the city, where practically the whole of the necessary power for the ever growing manufacturing quarter of the Norwegian capital is generated. This quarter is rather rigorously restricted to the suburb of Sagene, on the north side of the city, since town planning is something more than a mere name in Norway.

The royal palace, which was built by Christian IV., is a handsome building of rather unattractive architecture.—Manchester Guardian.

## PREDICTS THE TIDES.

One of Uncle Sam's Machines That Does Wonderful Work.

A machine known as the United States tide predicting machine No. 2 and which is in daily operation in the United States geodetic survey at Washington, makes mathematical calculations which would otherwise require 100 persons to do.

Its work is nothing less than the predicting of the times and heights of high and low tides a year in advance. Its mechanism is of brass and steel, its house a huge mahogany and glass case and its tender one observer, who turns a crank and copies off on paper the reading of several dials and later removes from the machine a roll of paper on which is plotted the tidal curve for the particular spot along the coast the tides of which have been predicted.

Every year the United States issues a book of tide tables, primarily for the use of its navy and, secondly, for the use of all who go down to the sea in ships. This book of tide tables gives the time to the minute and the height of the nearest tenth of a foot of every high and low tide during the year for seventy of the world seaports, and by means of an auxiliary table the same information for 3,000 other places.—Scientific American.

## Useful Wives!

Equal suffrage has not yet penetrated Africa's jungles. A husband will send two of his wives out to plant and care for the cassava farm. Two more will be appointed to look after the rice farm, to plant, attend it, drive off the rice birds and animals, and finally to cut and harvest the crop. Two more will be delegated to the jungle to chop and bring home firewood. Another will be commissioned to carry water for the family. Another will do the cooking. Still another will shine her husband's sword, light his pipe and bring it to him, while he sits in the kitchen and talks any kind of palaver that his men friends care to quibble about. The husband works on the principle of "to every woman her work."—Christian Herald.

## Hard to Explain.

Cummings and Welsner were business rivals. One day at the club they fell to talking.

"Do you carry any life insurance?" queried Cummings.

"Yes," was the answer. "I have \$10,000."

"Made payable to your wife?" asked Cummings.

"Yes," said Welsner.

"Well," asked Cummings, "what kind of an expense do you give to your wife for living?"—New York Press.

## Tight Screws.

If screws, gas fittings, the sides of bedsteads or anything else of the kind become tightly fixed and cannot be moved the following method will generally be found to loosen them: Pour a little oil on the tight parts and then hold a lighted candle underneath until it is warm. You will then find that it is easy to separate or unscrew the fixed parts.

## Polishing Pearls.

Pearl ornaments may be elegantly polished by first rubbing with olive oil to remove the dirty appearance, then applying any red nail polish. This latter gives a burnished appearance, and with a little fast rubbing the pearl takes on a brilliant glow.—Scientific American.

## Germany on North Sea.

The border of Germany on the North sea, from the easternmost corner of Oldenburg to the northernmost point in Schleswig, measures some 200 miles. The Kaiser Wilhelm (Kiel) canal is sixty-one miles long and cost \$40,000,000.

## Idle Curiosity.

For no reason at all we have wondered and wondered and wondered what months she before Adam and Eve went in for dress reform.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Where Life is more terrible than death it is the truest valor to dare to live.—Browne.

## Cruel Hint.

"I have regularly attended the dog show."

"Well, did any of the judges want to give you a prize?"—Exchange.

## Painful Ones.

Sister Ann—Did you get any marks at school today, Bill? Bill—Yes, but they're where they don't show.—London Sketch.

## Human Sacrifice.

Rollin in his ancient history says, "The government of Carthage was founded upon principles of the most consummate wisdom." And on the same page the historian makes this record in reference to the same people (the fortunes of war had gone against them): "They attributed this to the anger of their god, Saturn, because, instead of offering up children nobly born, who were usually sacrificed to him, there had been fraudulently substituted in their stead the children of slaves and foreigners. To atone for this crime 200 children of the best families of Carthage were sacrificed to Saturn, besides which upward of 300 citizens from a sense of guilt of this pretended crime voluntarily sacrificed themselves. Diodorus adds that there was a brazen statue of Saturn, the hands of which turned downward, so that when a child was laid on them it dropped immediately into a hollow, where was a very furnace." We are indebted to the Bible for the difference between that nation and this of today.—Christian Herald.

## An Ice Drydock.

An army engineer once gave a demonstration on the Lake of the Woods, on the Canadian border, of the old saying that an engineer is a man whose business it is to do a task at half the cost others would incur. A dredge locked in the ice needed repairs nearly three feet below the water line. The surrounding ice at the time was nearly two feet thick. A trench eighteen inches deep was cut in the ice round the dredge. The next night the cold froze an inch or two of ice directly under this trench, and on the day following another inch of ice was dug out of the trench. Day after day an inch of ice, more or less, was chipped out of the trench, according to the intensity of cold on the preceding night. In a month the trench was nearly three feet deep, with a safe block of ice beneath it. Repairs to the hull were then easily made.—Saturday Evening Post.

## Theory of a Scientist.

I have published for years that mind created electrons and formed them into matter. That mind I call creative mind, for mind alone is able to create. I do not know what mind is, so must content myself with a theory, totally opposite to a belief, of which I have none. My theory is that only one mind exists and that all other apparent minds are parts or fractions of the one original mind. I did not start up this theory. It is one of the oldest known to speculation or philosophy. I heard of it in early youth and have accepted it as a theory since. If humans could, force electrons into a straight line side by side in contact, but this is impossible since they repel, then a row one inch long would contain 12,700,000,000,000. My theory is that only electrons have created, all else formed.—Edgar Lucien Larkin in New York American.

## Verne and His Works.

It was Hetzel, the French publisher, who discovered Jules Verne. Hetzel began with Verne by a life contract, guaranteeing an annual sum of \$4,000, which seemed immense riches to the unknown writer. It was not at all proportionate to the rapid success and sale of his books throughout the known world. Jules Verne was content with his bargain and for many years furnished dutifully his two volumes a year. At his death he left several more finished or nearly so, which explain the continued appearance after his death of new works bearing his name. Hetzel took pains to provide the writer who was laying golden eggs for him with a yacht and all other appurtenances necessary or useful to stimulate his inventive powers.

## Money and Talk.

"I want you to tell me what this paper means when it says in its market report that money is cheap," said Mr. McFee to her husband, who, like all husbands, is supposed to be encyclopedic.

McFee laid down the sporting sheet.

"It's simply putting in a briefer form the statement that money talks," he replied, "and that talk is cheap."—Judge.

## Great African Lake.

Lake Victoria Nyanza, in which the river Nile has its source, measures 230 miles from north to south and 220 from east to west. Its coast line, which is very irregular, is about 2,000 miles. Its water area is estimated at 27,000 square miles, and its islands have an area of some 1,400 square miles.

## Woman's Way.

When a good looking neighbor woman begins to sit around the porch when father is home, mother tells father that she is a cat. But if a homely dame comes around when father is home mother says she is "such a dear girl."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Speech.

Speak not at all in any wise till you have somewhat to speak. Care not for the reward of your speaking, but simply and with undivided mind for the truth of your speaking.—Carlyle.

## Courage.

We can't help admiring the courage of an old maid who makes a suitor propose twice before accepting him, although she knows he's her last chance.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## Ominous.

"Yes, I am going to run for office."

"Your friends seem pleased."

"So do my enemies. And that looks kind of ominous, don't you think?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Unnecessary.

"Did her father give the bride away?"

"No; he said the groom would find her out soon enough."—Detroit Free Press.

Any one—a fool or an idiot—can be exclusive. It comes easy. It takes a large nature to be universal, to be inclusive.—Ralph Waldo Trine.

## WORKED BOTH WAYS.

A Race That Attracted as Well as Diverted Attention.

One morning Mrs. Wilmington's attention was attracted by a strange spectacle coming up the street. At that distance she could not quite make it out. It appeared to be some sort of animal with a headlight fastened to its forehead. As it came nearer it resolved itself into the shape of a human being—perhaps some child with a red fox. But in another moment Mrs. Wilmington recognized Martha Maria Sothman Smith, the seventeen-year-old colored girl who came every Monday for the laundry.

Martha Maria had a flaming red ribbon four inches wide round her head. It was tied in front into a huge bow, the wings of which stood out four inches beyond her forehead.

Mrs. Wilmington was surprised, for, although she had noticed some of the signs of pride of dress in Martha Maria, the girl had more than the ordinary amount of good taste.

"Why, Martha," exclaimed Mrs. Wilmington, as the girl came round the porch, "what in the world are you wearing that bow for?"

A slow grin widened the girl's mouth as she said:

"To attract attention, missy."

"To attract attention? Why do you want to attract attention?"

"I don't, ma'am."

"Then why are you wearing that awful bow on your forehead?"

"So folks will look at me, ma'am."

"Why do you want them to look at you?"

"So they won't look at my feet—I got holes in my shoes."—Youth's Companion.

## GOLD LETTERED SIGNS.

None of the Leaf Used in Making Them Is Ever Wasted.

"On the matter of domestic economy in the American household, which, it is asserted, the housewife and the boys and girls of the family no longer practice, it is interesting to know that if economy be a lost art at home it is pursued with a great deal of care in many lines of business," remarked Henry A. Shields of New York. "I was impressed a few months ago by the observation of a sign painter, who informed me that he could not deliver a sign I had ordered on a certain day because in the intervening time he would have the quarterly clean up day. I was curious to know what clean up day meant, and he told me:

"It appears that in the making of signs a great deal of gold leaf is used, and necessarily some of it is wasted. Just as it is when gold letters are placed on show windows. I had never noticed that when the painter is at work putting the leaf on he is careful to conserve all the leavings. Just so in the shops. All refuse there is carefully brushed into a pile and kept. In three months' time there will be a great deal of what appears to be rubbish around a sign painter's shop, but the painter knows its value. This rubbish is cleaned up, stored in bags and sent to Philadelphia, where it is screened and the particles of gold leaf extracted. My friend informed me that it is not unusual to get as high as \$90 out of one shipment of rubbish, all of which goes to the workmen in the shop and not to the owner."—Washington Post.

## When Charlemagne Took a Bath.

Like so many of the European warm springs and bathing places, Baden-Baden was first appreciated by the Romans. The Emperor Caracalla in especial honored it by his patronage, and adorned it in various Roman ways. With the fall of the empire and the arrival together of the barbarians and Christianity, bathing and, above all, bathing in warm water, fell into disuse all over Europe as an enfeebling and immoral practice. It was only when Charlemagne, whose name was one to conjure with, dipped his imperial person in the hot springs of Aix-la-Chapelle that bathing, after seven centuries of disuse, became again permissible. If not almost desirable. From that time on, with varying fortunes, Baden-Baden was a health and pleasure resort.—Harrison Rhodes in Harper's Magazine.

## Looking on the Bright Side.

Somewhat jaded a counterfeit dollar on old Uncle Mose, which nearly broke his heart. Weeks later he related his troubles to his employer. "Ah done gib up lookin' fer de man wut gimme it," he said. "Ah reckon it ain't no use tryin' fer to find him." "Well, it looks pretty good for a counterfeit," remarked the other. "Why don't you try to get rid of it?" "Yes, sah; yes, sah. Sho' does look thataway. Some days Ah think mase' it's good. Guess Ah'll jes' wait fer one of 'em good days an' jes' pass it erlong."—Argonaut.

## Language Mixed.

"That," said the physician, as he examined the lump on the man's neck, "is the remains of an old ball that started to come and then became encysted there."

"Well," said the unlettered patient, "it sure has encysted on stayin' there."—Chicago Post.

## Real Enjoyment.

Member (showing visitor through)—Yes, my dear, every woman ought to join a club. It's so refreshing to black-ball some one you don't like.—Life.

## One Comfort.

It is always comforting to reflect that no man ever looked as bad as a flashlight photograph of himself.—Detroit Free Press.

## Daily Thought.

A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he has done in the world to his fellowmen; when he dies, people will ask, what property has he left behind him? But the angels will ask, what good deeds has he sent before him?—The Koran.

## Bluffed Savage King Mitesa.

When the well known African traveler Dr. Robert Felkin was staying with the "bloodthirsty" King Mitesa of Uganda many years ago the king, out of gratitude for his visitor's medical treatment, wished to cut off his head. On Dr. Felkin representing that the treatment was not finished and that if interrupted it would cause Mitesa's death the latter granted him a reprieve until he was quite recovered. Then the execution was determined upon. Eunin, Mitesa, who was a friend of Dr. Felkin, had instructed him most accurately about the state of affairs in Uganda and had revealed to him an important state secret—namely, where Mitesa's powder store was hidden. Dr. Felkin remembered this at the right moment and as a last resort threatened that if Mitesa killed him he would bring down a dash of lightning upon his powder store. Mitesa replied incredulously, "Tell me where it is," whereupon Dr. Felkin whispered in his ear, "It is concealed under your barem."

Mitesa turned pale and allowed Felkin and his companions to live. The "lightning maker's" authority increased when next day a flash of lightning happened to strike near the barem.

## A Frank Philosopher.

Charles Elliot Norton in his Harvard lectures on the history of art used often to describe a meeting between Thomas Carlyle and the philosopher Mallock.

"Mallock was a wise man," he would say, "but his views differed from Carlyle's, and hence, though they were true views, Carlyle deemed them false and pernicious. He should all cultivate a broad outlook, so as to escape from the narrow intolerance of a Carlyle. When Mallock called on Carlyle he talked in his dullest way for two straight hours. Then he rose to go. At the door Carlyle, who had smoked the whole time in grim silence, took his pipe from his mouth and said mildly:

"Well, goodbye, Mr. Mallock. I've received you kindly because I knew your mother, but I never want to see you again."

## Steel Points.

The expression "well tempered" or "finely tempered" steel is generally misused. It is usually taken to indicate steel of extra hardness, whereas the reverse is the case, though very few people are aware of the fact.

The greater the degree of tempering the softer the steel. The steel worker measures the degree of tempering by the color of the metal. Thus the hardest—namely, the least tempered—steel is light straw in color, while the softest kind is white.

Between these extremes, commencing from the hard end of the scale, are the following shades: Straw, dark straw, light bronze, bronze, dark bronze, light blue, blue, dark blue.

Tempering steel is a very delicate business and one calling for that sense of what is "just right" which is found in good cooks.—London Answers.

## Brutalities at Sea.

Naval punishments were brutally severe in the seventeenth century. They marooned—that is, they set a man ashore alone on a desolate coast or island and left him to starve, to be destroyed by savages or wild beasts. They keelhaunched—that is, they dragged a man naked by yardarm whips under the bottom of the ship and drew him up raw and bloody with the harsh wounding of barbed and spikelike adhesives only to be submerged afresh ere the unhappy miscreant could fetch a full breath. They nailed a man to the mainmast by driving a knife through his hand. For murder (that was often manslaughter) they tied the living to the dead, back to back, and threw them overboard.

## Push.

"Push," says a modern philosopher, "should be the big word in the vocabulary of every beginner. There is no such thing as 'pull' applied to bodies. The engine never pulls a train, but pushes it. The coupling of the engine always extends behind that of the car following and does actually shove it forward." But the pessimist will not be silenced. He only shifts to "Who's back of him?"—Pittsburgh Sun.

## Dancing.

The art or exercise of dancing can be traced back to the early Egyptians, who ascribe that invention to their god Thoth. Beyond a doubt dancing is much older than history. It began in connection with religious rites and was performed in honor of the deities that were worshipped.

## Thoughtfulness.

Little Maud was suffering from an aching tooth. She called her mother to the sofa on which she was lying and said:

"Mamma, if I should die please don't forget to put my dolls in mourning."—Chicago News.

## Fatal Flattery.

Art Connoisseur—Where did you get hold of this dandy? Friend—I picked it up in a studio, said something nice about it out of politeness, and the artist gave it to me. Art Connoisseur (sighing)—You can't be too careful.—Judge.

## A Ready Compliment.

She—Some day I want to show you our family tree. He (looking at her admiringly)—I should like to see it. I am sure it must be a peach.—Somerville Journal.

Beware so long as you live of judging people by appearances.—La Fontaine.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

## Great Generals, but Bad Shots.

Curiously enough, although good shooting on the part of the rank and file is all important for success in warfare, two of the greatest generals in history were notably bad shots. The only time Napoleon went out game shooting he killed one of the dogs, and Wellington's record on a similar occasion proved even worse.

Lady Shelley records in her diary on Sept. 8, 1810, when the duke was staying at her place in Sussex, that she accompanied the guns in the afternoon. "The hero of Waterloo was a very wild shot. After wounding a redoubtable and later on peering a keeper's gaiters he sprinkled the bare arms of an old woman who chanced to be washing clothes at her cottage window. 'My good woman,' I said, 'this ought to be the proudest monument of your life. You have had the distinction of being shot by the Duke of Wellington.' \* \* \* Her face was wreathed in smiles as the comfido duke slipped a gold coin into her hand."—Fall High Gazette.

## Easily Settled.

"Coming over on an ocean liner from England a few years ago," said a New Yorker, "an argument had arisen among us as to which was the more simple of the two currency systems, dollars and cents, or pounds, shillings and pence. At last, the captain arriving, we decided to refer the matter to him and surrender our judgment to his arbitration.

"The captain, an Englishman of the very stolid sort, after a period of reflection replied very slowly and with all the gravity of a judge:

"Pounds, shillings and pence is the simpler system, for don't you know that when you are told the price of a thing in dollars and cents you always have to convert it into pounds, shillings and pence?"

There was a little objection to this theory, but in general it was perfectly satisfactory so long as the voyage lasted.

## Submarine Cables.

The first cable successfully laid extended from Valparaiso Island, off the coast of Ireland, to Heart's Content, Newfoundland, about 2,000 miles. The cable was landed on the American side on Aug. 5, 1858, but was not ready for use till Aug. 10. About 700 short messages were sent through it, but it entirely failed within a month. The fact was demonstrated, however, that direct communication under the ocean was possible, although few persons at that time believed that a submarine telegraph could be used for business purposes. Cyrus W. Field, to whose enterprise was due the laying of the first cable, thought differently. Not discouraged by this and other failures, he continued the work he had planned, interested London capitalists in it, and in 1863 succeeded in establishing submarine communication, which has never been interrupted.

## The Candle Wick.

When the old fashioned dips were in common use great annoyance was caused by the burnt stick standing upright as the fat disappeared, making a smoky flame, which necessitated a constant use of the snuffers. This trouble is avoided in the modern candle by the simple expedient of plaiting one side of the wick a little stiffer than the other. When it is left free, owing to the wax having burnt away, it naturally bends over to one side. Now at the extreme edge of the flame the gaseous products of the candle are mixed with excess of oxygen from the air, which attacks the solid substances in the wick and speedily changes them into oxides. This always keeps the wick the right length.

## Dickens at the Bar.

The English courts once had a real Dickens trial scene. It was in 1888, in the course of a case before Baron Huddleston, that Mr. Dickens, counsel for the defendant, astonished the court by announcing that he proposed to call Mr. Pickwick as a witness. And the gentleman called was a descendant of the Moses Pickwick whose name on the coach filled Sam Weller with a desire to "whop" some one for taking liberties with the name of his master.

## Long Hours.

"How's the new man? Industrious?"

"Why, yes. He's a sixteen hour a day man."

"It can't be possible!"

"Oh, yes, it is. He works eight hours a day, and I put in eight hours more trying to keep him on the job."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Exacting Standards.

"I am afraid Bliggins hasn't a powerful sense of humor."

"Oh, yes, he has. The only trouble is that when Bliggins makes a joke he isn't satisfied to get a laugh. He thinks it's a failure if it doesn't hurt somebody's feelings."—Washington Star.

## The Cult of Fashion.

Young lady at the theater to her friend, "What do you think of this play, my dear?"

"Why, it's absurd. Three months are supposed to pass between the first and second acts, and the heroine's still got the same hat on!"

## Why He Likes Wagner.

"Do you like Wagner?"

"Better than I used to," replied Mr. Camrox. "There's a lot of his music that no one would attempt to dance to."—Washington Star.

## Many people do not know how much they must know to know how little they know.

## Hearing Heart Beate.

If you hear your heart beat in one ear, as many persons do, it is no proof of anything wrong with the heart. It is much more likely to be a local defect such as a chronic catarrh of the middle ear or stiffness and retraction of the drum. This is on the authority of a leading physician of Chicago.

## American Restaurants.

What disconcerts the European in the great American restaurant is the excessive, the occasional maddening slowness of the service and the lack of interest in the service. Touching the latter defect, the waiter is not impolite; he is not neglectful, but he is too often passively hostile, or at best neutral. He, or his chief, has apparently not grasped the fact that buying a meal is not like buying a ton of coal. If the purchaser is to get value for his money he must enjoy his meal, and if he is to enjoy his meal it must not merely be efficiently served, but it must be efficiently served in a sympathetic atmosphere. The supreme business of a good waiter is to create this atmosphere. True, that even in the country which has carried cookery and restaurants to loftier heights than any other—I mean, of course, Belgium, the little country of little restaurants—the subtle, other which the truly civilized diner demands is rare enough. But in the great restaurants of the great cities of America it is, I fancy, rarer than anywhere else.—Arnold Bennett in Harper's Magazine.

## His Unlucky Day.

Even the least superstitious are often struck by the misfortunes which attend some persons on certain dates. A large firm in the city has in its employ a living instance of the fact. On June 12 an employee lost his left arm by coming in contact with machinery. The accident disabled him for his then employment, and he was given that of a messenger. On another June 12 he was run over in the Strand while on an errand. Result, a broken leg. The next accident was a fall on the stairs in the firm's buildings—again June 12—the right arm broken this time. The fourth mishap on another anniversary broke three ribs. The firm took the case into consideration and issued an order that in future the employee was to take a holiday on that date, an order with which he has now complied for several years.—London Tit-Bits.

## Helping the Post.

Longfellow, the great poet, was noted for his fondness for children, and this extended to all little folks, whether of his family or not. There was one little boy of whom he was very fond and who came often to see him. One day the child looked earnestly at the long row of books in the library and at length asked, "Have you Jack the Giant Killer?" Longfellow was obliged to confess that his great library did not contain that venerated volume. The little fellow looked very sorry and presently slipped down from the poet's knee and went away. But the next morning Longfellow saw him coming up the walk with something tightly clasped in his little fists. The child had brought 2 cents with which Longfellow was to buy a "Jack the Giant Killer" of his own.

## Napoleon and Tobacco.

Napoleon, who tried to smoke once and then with dire results, instituted the French tobacco monopoly, which the German government now proposes to adopt so far as cigarettes are concerned. At a court function held early in 1810 the emperor remarked a lady wearing jewels of such magnificence that he inquired how her husband made his money. "He is a tobacco merchant," was the reply, which led him to seek further information as to such a profitable business. Before the year expired Napoleon issued a decree restricting the sale and manufacture of tobacco exclusively to the state. It has remained a monopoly ever since and for many years past has brought in an annual revenue of over \$50,000,000.

## The Fish in Crater Lake.

Originally there were no fish in Crater lake, one of nature's wonders on the summit of the Cascade range in southern Oregon. Rainbow trout were planted, and now they swarm the waters, ranging up to ten pounds in weight. The lake itself has an area of twenty and one-fourth square miles (water surface), which is situated in the caldera of an extinct volcano. It is surrounded by unbroken cliffs, which range from 500 to nearly 2,000 feet in height.—Argonaut.

## Unpleasant to Have Around.

"Are you still engaged to Mr. Briggs?"

"No, I broke it off last week. I was afraid to marry him. He knows too much. I gave him some ribbon to match. He found it in the first store he went to, and



## Seeing in the Dark.

Mr. J. J. Thomson is authority for the statement that when a body is heated above the temperature of boiling water it ordinarily begins to be faintly visible, especially by aerial vision, but no definite color is discerned until the temperature has risen considerably higher. This suggests that the first effects are felt by the "rods" and not by the "cones," which together form the retina. The cones are especially concerned with the perception of color. From this one would infer that animals which see in the dark must have retinas particularly rich in rods, and physiology shows that this is notably true of the owl, whose retina is remarkable for the extremely great proportion of rods to cones. In a faint light, states Professor Thomson, the owl sees no color, but he sees some things which is good enough for his purposes where we would see nothing at all.—Philadelphia Record.

## A Literary Ballboy.

At one of the great London hotels there is a page boy, who in his spare moments is much given to the study of the best English literature.

A few days ago he was paid his wages with a small fine deducted for some breach of regulation. Indignant, the boy said to the manager, "Sir, if you should ever find it within the scope of your jurisdiction to levy an assessment on my wages for some trivial delinquency, I would suggest that you refrain from exercising that prerogative. The failure to do so would of necessity force me to tender my resignation."

The manager, tottering, reached a chair and in gasps asked the boy what he meant. "In other words, if you find me again I shall chuck the job!" said the lad.—London Standard.

## For the New House.

When you commence to plan your new house get a good sized scrapbook in which to paste every kind of a suggestion you come across. There are hundreds of little ideas as well as some larger ones which will help you give your house added charm or comfort without much increase in cost—ideas about built in things, from a simple shelf to a medicine closet or a seat in an inglenook. There are things to do and things not to do about the placing of lights and of radiators and of water or steam pipes. There are principles of harmony to be remembered in the selection of rugs, draperies, wall decorations and furniture. We all run across such suggestions, but rarely remember them. So get a scrap book or else a large envelope or a flat box labeled "The New House." It will pay.—New York Sun.

## Norman Kings and War.

The Norman kings had a way of their own of making money from their warlike preparations. William I. in the sixth year of his reign, "caused 20,000 foot to be lifted in England to rendezvous in Normandy. But when they were come to the sea coast in order to be transported he sent them all home again after exacting 10 shillings from each of them for their diet." Years afterward Richard I., according to the old chronicle, "ordained that there should be jousts and tournaments throughout England for the better exercise of men in martial affairs, yet so that all persons should pay for their licenses to bear a part in these exercises after the following rates: Every earl 20 marks, every baron 10 marks and such as had no land 2 marks."

## Boulogne.

Boulogne has been the base of almost every contemplated invasion of England from the days of Caligula to the time when Napoleon gathered 350,000 men there ready at any favorable opportunity to sweep across the channel. For six years—from 1544 to 1550—Boulogne was an English possession, and the English element in the town was large and influential long before the cross channel pleasure steamers made it the best known spot in France to the majority of the English trippers. Two famous poets, Churchill and Campbell, breathed their last in Boulogne.—Westminster Gazette.

## Amended.

Thackeray tells of a peasant woman begging alms from him, who, seeing him putting his hands in his pockets, said:

"May the blessings of Providence follow you," but when he only pulled out his snuffbox she immediately added, "and never overtake you."

## Little Signs.

"I wonder if the couple on the other side of the aisle are husband and wife?"

"They can't be. She's got the seat by the window."—Baltimore American.

## The Critic Scored.

"I have just sold that picture for \$2,000," said the jubilant artist.

"I congratulate you on your ability," replied the critic.

"Thank you. It makes a difference, doesn't it?"

"Makes a difference? I don't understand you."

"I mean that it makes a difference when a man succeeds. Up to this time you have never uttered a word of praise or encouragement to me. Two or three times you have made slight references to my ability as a painter. Now that I have sold a picture for a good price you begin to see that I have artistic talent."

"Oh, I'm not congratulating you on your artistic talent, but on your ability as a salesman."—Chicago News.

## Magic for Rust Spots.

To remove rust spots on bathtubs and basins and discoloredations in toilet bowls and sinks apply muriatic acid with a mop. As soon as the discolored area is removed the acid should be thoroughly rinsed off with clear water. The acid works like magic: it is almost instantaneous in its effect and the labor of scrubbing is saved.

## The Tale of the Falls.

She came along the end of July to Indian Neck, the prettiest girl the resort had ever seen.

Carteret took a hasty glance at the hotel register as Biggles, the official totter of suit cases, led her away to her room.

"Vivian Lovejoy," he read. "O, Vivian, you are like a long rosebud in the famished closet," Vivian, Vivian—

"Shut up. Don't be a cad," muttered Don, stuffing his big hands into linen trousers pockets, and staring moodily after the girl. "Even if we do happen to be the jumping off place in the summer resort line, you don't have to act like a grinning idiot. Wonder why she ever landed here."

But the fact remained that she had landed, and from her preparations it was seen she meant to stay. She took the best room left, one overlooking the falls and the sweep of rapids clear around the bend of the headland that gave the place its name.

Every day she went to the pine grove above the falls and strolled around alone, studying every point of land. After lunch she took the path below the falls and walked up and down first on one side, then crossing the little bridge to the other.

Carteret tried to join her to explain the beauties of the place and the old legend of the falls. They were not so very high, hardly over 90 feet, but even in the summer they were turbulent, fed by the lake above.

"You see," Carteret would say, "Indians used to be around here, and they had a custom of sending one girl over the falls every year in a red canoe for a sort of sacrifice to the spirit of the falls."

"I have heard of the custom before," said Vivian. "At Niagara Falls, they did it, too. I think. But those falls seem too small for the leap to be fatal."

"It's the rocks under the water. They're like jagged teeth, and they rip the bottom out of any boat that goes over. If she did get to the bottom of the falls the rocks in the rapids would catch her. Nice little place, isn't it?"

"It's a wonderful picturesque place. I think it is just what I have been looking for."

"Artist?"

She smiled and shook her head, turning her parasol so he could not watch her.

"No. I'm just an ordinary summer tramp. Where is Mr. Marden?"

"Fishing."

"He goes fishing every day, doesn't he?"

"Every day," assented Carteret happily. "Just below the rapids about a quarter of a mile."

"Can he swim?"

"We all swim here."

He looked down at her with sudden suspicion. Why was she asking all these questions about Don Marden, the one man in the neck who did not appeal to women. He was tall and decidedly homely. He had no chivalrous ways, no little attentive tricks to woo them by. He was short-spoken and roughly dressed.

Rainy days, when the other guests of the hotel kept to the shelter of the veranda and living room, he stalked forth with placid grin on his face and the rain dripping from his old felt hat, with a fishing rod balanced in one hand and a basket in the other.

"Is he anybody special?" Vivian asked once, watching his stalwart, stooped figure stalk down the glen.

"Effects just as if he always did just as he pleases."

"He came here because the fishing is good. He comes every year. Nobody knows who he is. He comes for July and August, then goes away." Carteret gave the information grudgingly.

"Don't be interested in him. He's a dub, a perfect dud." It was the only term that seemed to fit Don Marden.

"I would do anything in the world for you."

She smiled at him, looking up from the letter he had just brought to her. It was the letter she had waited for over two weeks. They were coming the next day, Kitson, Bayly and the rest. There was not another hour to lose.

She leaned forward to Carteret with a look in her loving dark eyes he had never seen before. He noticed how her hair curled around her temples and hid her ears. She was distractingly pretty, pretty, not beautiful, but just pretty, pretty as a girl could be, he thought.

"Can you get me a red canoe?" she asked.

"And not tell any one? I want it tomorrow morning surely."

Carteret promised. He would have promised the evening star if she had asked for it in that tone.

All that day in the rain he hunted a red canoe. There was not such a thing at Indian Neck, he was told, but down the river three miles he found a canoe, hauled up beside an old cabin, and its owner parted with it for a weekly rental.

Red paint he found at the village store and another bill changed hands that he might turn the canoe upside down in the hotel barn and paint it.

"Put in plenty of dryer, old man," advised the Don, taking a last look at him before dinner. "You're doing fine. Who's it for? The little red head?"

"Aw, shut up, can't you?" growled Carteret huskily. "You shouldn't be allowed to speak of a girl."

"So? She has red hair, hasn't she? Or is it chestnut? Is she going to paddle her own canoe?"

Carteret's low-toned mumble mentioned a place not on the summer tourists' map. Doggedly he finished his job and the little trim canoe stood resplendent in its coat of red. Vivian came out to look at it, and she was radiant.

"It's so dear of you, Mr. Carteret, to hurry it for me," she said. "I'll pay for it tomorrow and for your time."

Carteret's response was very fervid. He wanted no pay for his work of love. He adored her. He was her willing slave.

"Are you really?" she mused. "Then wait for me down on the bend of the river tomorrow at sunset, just where the rapids end."

The following morning four strangers arrived at Indian Neck. They were men, with certain curious articles of baggage, and they hired the corner suite of the hotel and mixed not with the local gathering of wits in the corridors of office.

They went over the ground on both sides of the falls and the rapids carefully during the forenoon. The noon train brought five more, three women and two men, and Vivian herself greeted them like long delayed and welcome guests.

She took them out and showed them her red canoe, and Carteret stood in the offing and mediated on the developments of the case.

But Don did more. He stopped dead short on his way past the party at the foot of the hotel steps, and beamed down on "Little Red Head," as he dubbed her.

## What are you going to do with that canoe?

She dimpled mischievously, and met his gaze fairly.

"If you are down below the rapids at sundown tonight, you will see, Mr. Warden, and I'm hoping you will be."

The tallest man in the new lot of guests approached.

"Possibly you are aware, sir," he began in friendly fashion, "that our Miss Lovejoy is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast."

"Oh, Mr. Kitson," pleaded Vivian flushing. "Don't. I haven't told any one here, and I've had such a good time all by myself. It will be bad enough when it's over."

Don looked the whole aggregation deliberately. He turned again to Vivian.

"You're going to shoot the falls in that canoe, aren't you?"

"Well, what if I should?" She was laughing at him.

"Nothing, only this. I'll be in the rapids at the foot to get you out if you do."

"You keep out of it, boy," warned Kitson, kindly. "This is business."

"I'll be there," repeated Don, doggedly, and stalked away to his fishing.

And at sundown Indian Neck had its first big thrill of the entire season. The red canoe was borne to the lake above the falls.

And there appeared sundry wild tribesmen, painted chiefs, and braves, who bore a bound maiden to the canoe, and danced a frantic dance around her, before they pushed the canoe away on its voyage over the falls.

On the shore the film machine worked steadily. Another one was waiting at the rapids, and Kitson as the lover braves were ready to dash in and save the girl in the red canoe, when Carteret dashed along the lower bank as the canoe went over the falls.

"It will be ripped up on the rocks!" he yelled, but there already strode through the rapids a tall, ungainly figure, Marden in his troutling boots, finding his way surely among the rocks and deep holes. He had not threaded them for years, seeking the hidden lurking places of the rainbow beauties and their speckled brothers, for nothing.

For one blinding instant the canoe went out of sight in the boiling surging mass of water at the foot of the falls. Then it appeared, twisting like an autumn leaf in the swift current that led straight for the rapids.

On the lower bank were two of the men, Kitson and another, ready to go to the rescue, but they seemed to have lost their nerve.

But before the red slip of a boat could get into the maw of the rocks that yawned about the eddying water, Don Marden seized it. Vivian lay in it, holding to the safety belt they had fastened about her and the ropes that had been fastened as handles on each side of the canoe.

Her hair was streaming over her shoulders. There was no fear in her eyes, only a great wonderment. And while Don cut the leather belt, and lifted her in his arms, the film machines worked steadily, until he reached the bank with her where Carteret stood, a limp helpless wreck.

"We can use it all right, Miss Lovejoy," Kitson said that night, when she made her appearance on the veranda.

"You did fine, that's all I can say. You kept your nerve and it was some drop over the falls, too. It's made a good film, and we'll change the story around a bit to let this gentleman into it."

"You needn't bother," Don returned. He had been talking to Vivian quietly for about an hour in a secluded corner, and even Carteret could not fathom the meaning of their glances.

"Miss Lovejoy has just told me she would marry me as soon as she gets back home, and I don't think we'll let you have that red canoe film. You put your price on it, and I'll send the check when you hand the destroyed strips."

She seized all my trout away with your confounded acting, and it will take me a year to coax them back."

"Take us a year, Don," corrected Vivian gently.—By Clarence Cadden

## The New Year of the Century.

The Century announces for the coming year four serials, each complete in from three to six numbers. James Lane Allen's new novel, "The Sword of Youth," begins in the November Century.

A new novel by Jean Webster, author of "Daddy-Long-Legs," will begin early in the new year.

"South of Panama" is the title of the new series of articles by Professor Edward Alsworth Ross, beginning in "The Old World in the New," authoring in the November issue of The Century.

Professor Ross has only recently returned from the countries of South America of which he writes, and his articles tell what stay-at-homes want to know of the people and commerce south of Panama and the future in the land considered now by many our new El Dorado.

"Constructive Americans" is the title of a new series in The Century during 1915, offering the life-stories of Americans who have been constructive in our national life.

In an early number of The Century will begin the reminiscences of the Princess Lazarovich-Hrebreljanovich—formerly Miss Eleanor Calhoun of California—whose distinguished success as an actress and producer of plays in London and Paris made her a prominent and popular figure in court circles, the theatrical world, and the world of letters.

Among notable forthcoming features of The Century is to be a series of papers on "Social Illusions" by James Harvey Robinson, professor of history at Columbia University. "A Study of Patriotism," which will have pointed references to the present war, will appear in an early number of The Century.

## Our "Visionary" President.

Under the title of "Our 'Visionary' President," George Greel has written for the December Century an interpretation of Woodrow Wilson, discussing in detail the President's hold on his party, his stand on all the questions which he has been called on to meet, the isolation of his position, the grounds for the claim that he is the exponent of American idealism, and his belief that no man since Lincoln has niched himself so ineradicably in the confidence of his people.

## A Christmas Story By Alice Hegon Rice.

The December St. Nicholas (the Christmas-stocking number) is to have a Christmas story by Alice Hegon Rice—"Leonard's English Christmas"—and also a Christmas story, "The King of the Christmas Feast," by Elaine Sterne, who recently won the thousand dollar prize for the New York Evening Sun moving picture play competition.

## Gypsy Moth Embargo.

Affects Stone Quarried in New England in Infested Regions.

The Department of Agriculture has decided that eggs of the gypsy moth are frequently carried on stone and quarry products from districts infested by the moths. For this reason it has ordered a quarantine placed on certain infested districts in New England, which means that stone quarried in these districts cannot be moved interstate to outside points until it has been inspected and passed by the Department. Notice to this effect has been sent to the New Haven road, which is preparing a circular for shippers on the subject.

The following towns and all the territory between them and the Coast is covered by the Department's order: Maine, Tremont, Southwest Harbor, Mount Desert, Eden, Brooklin, Bluehill, Surry, City of Ellsworth, Orlan, Bucksport, Winterport, Hampden City of Bangor, Hermon, Levant, Newburgh, Monroe, Jackson, Troy, Plymouth, Pampmyra, Pittsfield, Clinton, Skowhegan, Cornville, Morrilltown, Stark, New Sharon, Farmington, New Vineyard, Farmington, Wilton, Dixfield, Peru, Rumford, Bethel, Mason, Stonoham, Lovell, Fryeburg and Brownfield; New Hampshire—Eaton, Madson, Tamworth, Sandwich, Holderness, Plymouth, Groton, Rochester, Canaan, Orange, Alexandria, Danbury, Springfield, Sunapee, Newport, Goshen, Washington, Stoddard, Nelson, Roxbury, Keene, Chesterfield and Hinsdale; Massachusetts—Northfield, Warwick, Orange, Athol, Petersham, Hardwick, New Braintree, North Brookfield, Spencer, Charlton and Southbridge; Connecticut—Woodstock, Pomfret, Brooklyn and Killingly; Rhode Island—Foster, Coventry and West Greenwich; Connecticut—Voluntown, North Stonington, Steepleton and Groton.

Rules governing the shipping and transportation of quarry products in these districts are very strict. They require that every car, box or other container of stone shall be plainly marked and bear a certificate of inspection. In the case of carload or bulk shipments these certificates must accompany the way bills, conductors' manifests or bills of lading. Stone or quarry products originating outside the affected district can be shipped out from points within the quarantined area only under permit showing they are free from egg clusters. These permits are issued by the superintendent of moths work at Boston. Applications for them to show the nature and quality of the stone and its exact location. Application blanks are furnished by the Department of Agriculture, 43 Tremont street, Boston.

The campaign against the gypsy and brown tail moths has been waged now for some years and the quarantine on quarry products show how determined the Department is to stop the continued spread of these costly pests. As the Department has pointed out the pest can be eradicated only by attacking the egg clusters. One of the best methods for doing this is to treat the egg clusters with crescents, which can be bought for about 35 cents a gallon. The winter and early spring is the time when this has to be done. The Brown Tail moths can be destroyed better by burning their winter web. If people throughout New England were to turn out this winter and attack these egg clusters in the districts now under quarantine it would go a long way towards exterminating these pests, whose ravages thus affect commerce.

## Why He Turned Back.

"The German advance on Paris, its arrival almost at the gates of Paris, when to its swerve to the east and even swifter retreat, reminds me of the hunter," said Paul Ralmy.

"A hunter taking a chew of tobacco, said in a general store."

"Yesterday mornin' I struck a grizzly trail. I followed 'er up till sun, down. Then I hiked back ter camp."

"Why did yer hike back ter camp? asked the general storekeeper."

"Wall, to tell ye the truth," said the hunter, "thet thar trail was a-gettin' altogether too fresh."—Washington Star.

## She Told Him What to Do.

The Portland Spectator tells of a young gentleman with a very plain face who was rather annoyed because his view of the stage was obstructed by the hat of a pretty girl who was sitting in front of him in the gallery.

Wishing to get a glimpse of the performance, he plucked up courage and in a nervous voice, exclaimed: "See here, miss, I want to look as well as you."

"Oh, no, yer," she replied in a rich cockney accent, as she turned round and looked him square in the eye.

"Then you'd better run 'ome and change yer face."

## Nothing More to be Said.

A traveling man tells of his sojourn at a "hotel" in a western town.

When, on the evening of his arrival, he entered the dining room and was shown to a table by a waiter, the latter asked, when he had brought the customary glass of water:

"Will you have some pork and beans?"

"No, I don't care for them," said the traveler. "I never eat pork and beans."

"Then, sir," said the waiter, as he moved away, "dinner is over, sir."

"Are you a native of this place?" asked a traveller in Alabama of a resident.

"Am I what?" was the puzzled reply.

"I say are you a native here?"

While the man was still hesitating over his answer, his wife came to the door.

"Ain't you got no sense, Bill?" she exclaimed. "The gen'l'man means was yo' livin' heah when yo' was born, or was yo' born before yo' begin livin' heah. Now answer the gen'l'man."—Boston Transcript.

## Would Know Sandy.

An American girl was bringing a Liverpool girl home with her, and toward the end of the voyage remarked:

"It is delightful to feel that one is so near home. We ought to sight Sandy Hook this afternoon."

"Shall we?" exclaimed her friend. "That will be nice. Don't tell me which he is. I can always pick a Scotsman out of a crowd."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## All Sorts.

He—A poet is born, not made. She—That's right. Blame it on the woman.—Life.

Alys—Albert promised me he would not smoke a cigarette for two days. Ethelred—He'll keep his promise. That boy has wonderful will power.—Boston Globe.

Redd—He's become a great entertainer since he got his automobile. Greene—You don't say so! Redd—Sure. He's had a blow-out nearly every day.—Yonkers Statesman.

Hi—What course is Sarah studying at the boarding school? Si—I can't remember, but I think it's cosmetics.—Stanford Chaparral.

Mr. Crabb—Now some consarned idiot has started a buy-a-bale-of-hay movement!

Mrs. Crabb—There, there, now. Maybe they don't intend to feed it all to you.—Buffalo Express.

"Be patient," said Uncle Eben, "but don't mope around an' imagine you're a job when you're only a Jonah."—Washington Star.

"The doctor's advice to smoke only one cigar after each meal is going to be the death of Bliggins."

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's trying to eat six or seven meals a day."—Washington Star.

"I hear that your wife is an authority on the subject of votes for women."

"Sir," replied Mr. Meekton, "while it may please her to change the topic from time to time, my wife is always an authority."—Washington Star.

Miss Dowls—I am just starting a school to teach young ladies to be good wives. Do you think you'd care to send your daughter? Anxious mother—Do you guarantee to get them—situations afterward.—London Telegraph.

Pullman Porter—Boss, yo' sho an dusty.

Passenger (resignedly)—Well, you may brush off about a nickel's worth.—Judge.

Hard luck is the nicest term we can think of for our own bad judgment.—Detroit Free Press.

Hermione—"I think you should allow me thirty dollars pin money a week, Herman."

Herman—"Great scott! You couldn't get as much as that in alimony."—Judge.

## Who Am I?

I am the foundation of all business.

I am the fount of all prosperity.

I am the parent, most times, of genius.

I am the salt that gives life its savor.

I have laid the foundation of every fortune in America, from Rockefeller's down.

I must be loved before I can bestow my greatest blessings and achieve my greatest ends. Loved, I make life sweet and purposeful and fruitful.

I can do more to advance a youth than his own parents, be they ever so rich.

Fools hate me; wise men love me.

I am represented in every loaf of bread that comes from the oven, in every train that crosses the Continent, in every ship that steams over the ocean, in every newspaper that comes from the press.

I am the mother of democracy.

All progress springs from me.

The man who is bad friends with me can never get very far—and stay there.

The man who is good friends with me who is not afraid of me, can go—who can tell how far?

Who am I?

What am I?

I AM WORK.—B. C. Forbes in American.

## Wind Pressure.

A wind travelling at the rate of three miles an hour presses with a weight of about three-quarters of an ounce upon every square foot of surface which stands

